

DELL COMIC • A DELL COMIC •
DELL
DELL COMIC •
AUGUST
10¢

and Tom Jerry comics

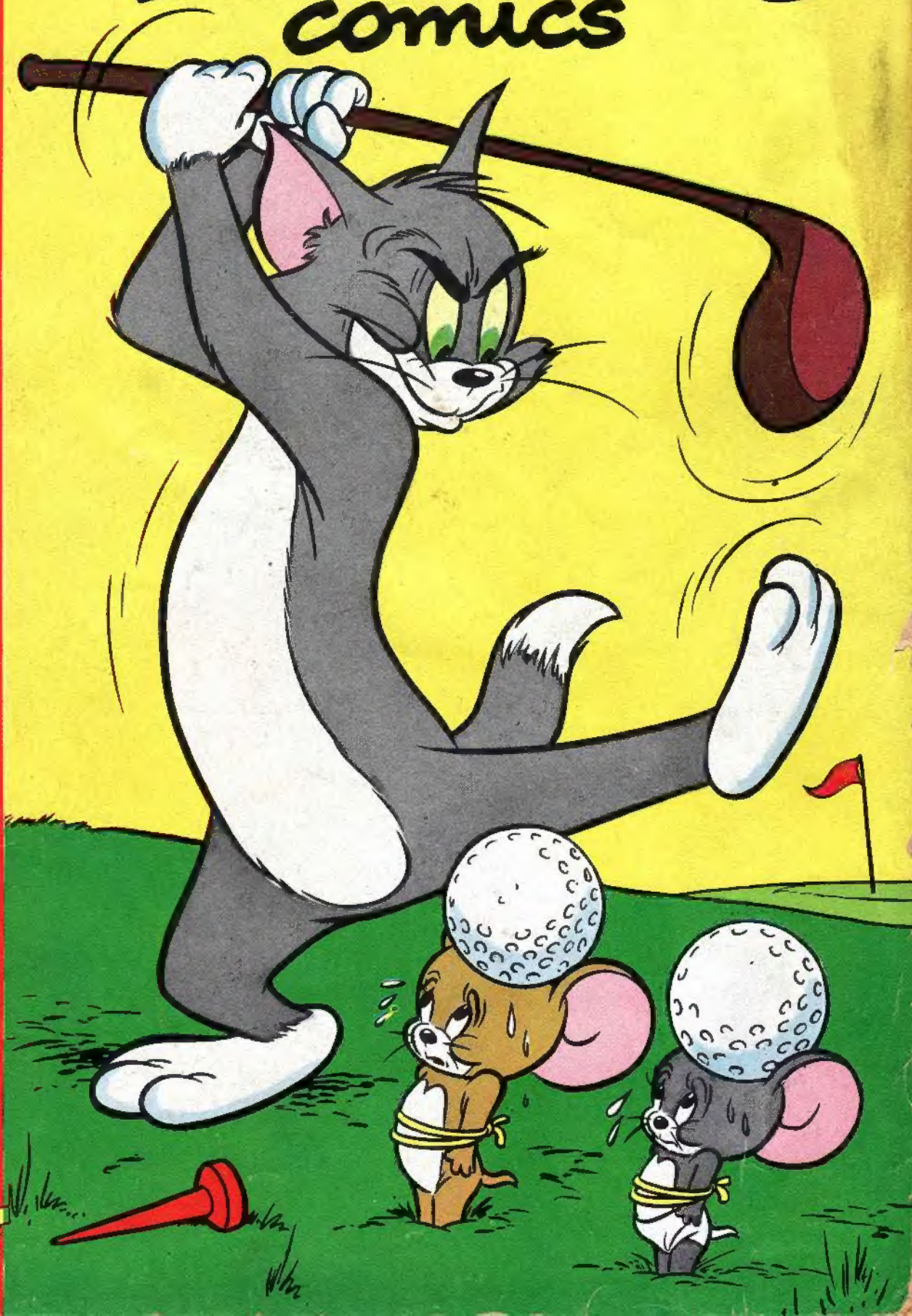


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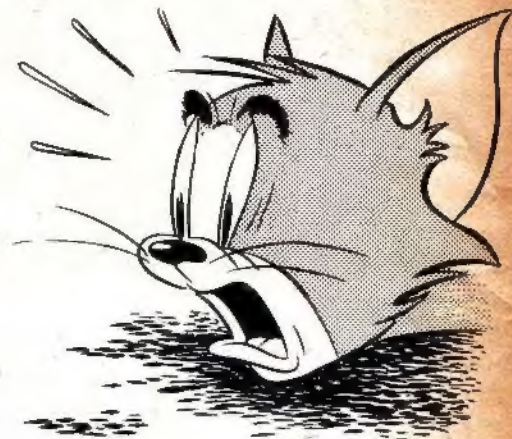
AUGUST

10¢

Tom and Jerry comics



CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.



AW! GO CHASE A BULLDOG, TOM. WE ALREADY HAVE OUR SUBSCRIPTION TO **TOM AND JERRY.** HAVE YOU?



A beautiful gold-plated Key Holder, folks, and a membership card in the Dell Comics Club will be sent to every subscriber!



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PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

M-G-M-CARTOONS
present

TOM *and* JERRY

ANYTHING INTERESTING
IN THE PAPER TODAY,
TUFFY?

NOPE!

IT'S FULL OF STUFF ABOUT
SOME DOPE SITTING
ON A POLE... A
FLAGPOLE SITTER,
THEY CALL
HIM!

NOW *WHY* WOULD ANYONE
SIT ON A
FLAGPOLE?
IT'S SO SILLY!

OH, I
DON'T
KNOW...

MAYBE HE'S JUST
TIRED OF BEING
AROUND PEOPLE,
SO HE...

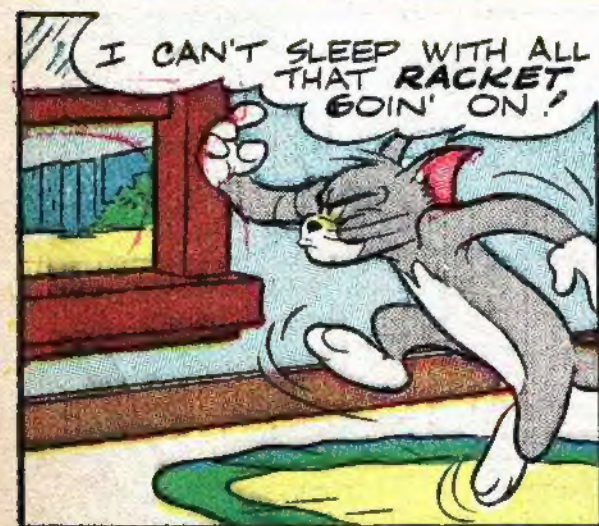
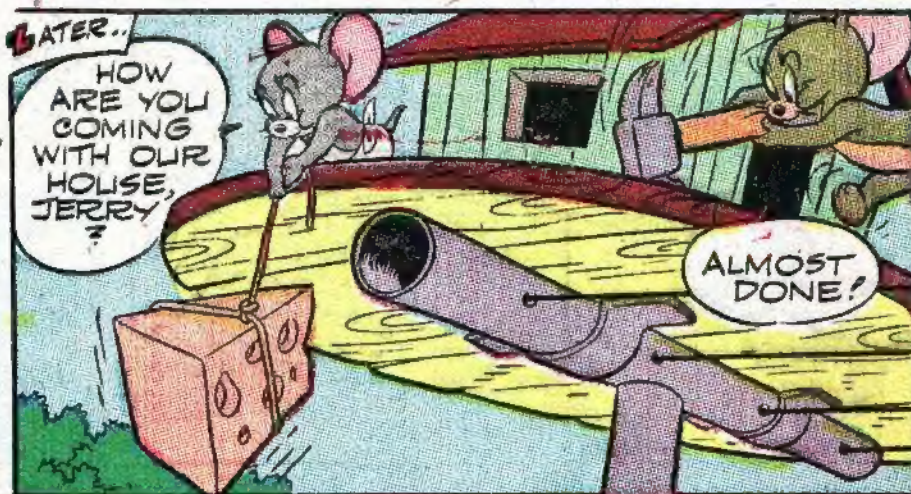
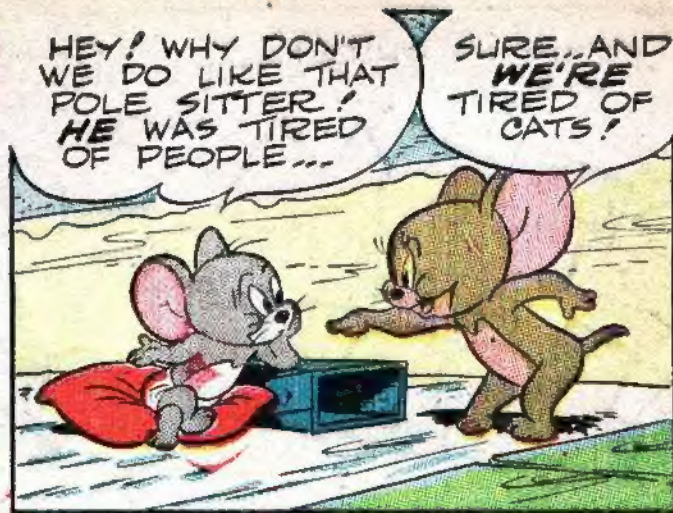
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WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO
MY PAPER!

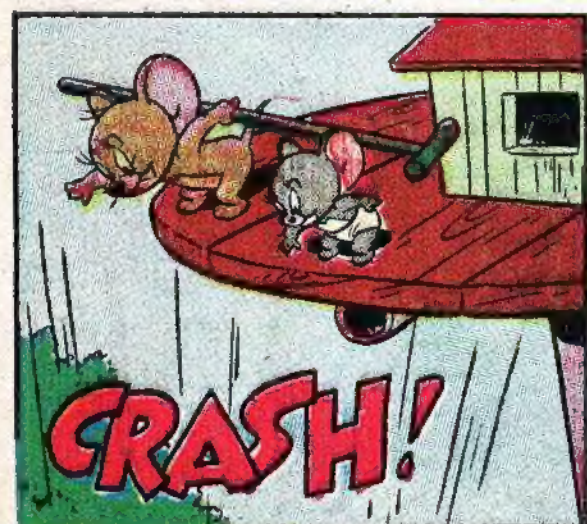
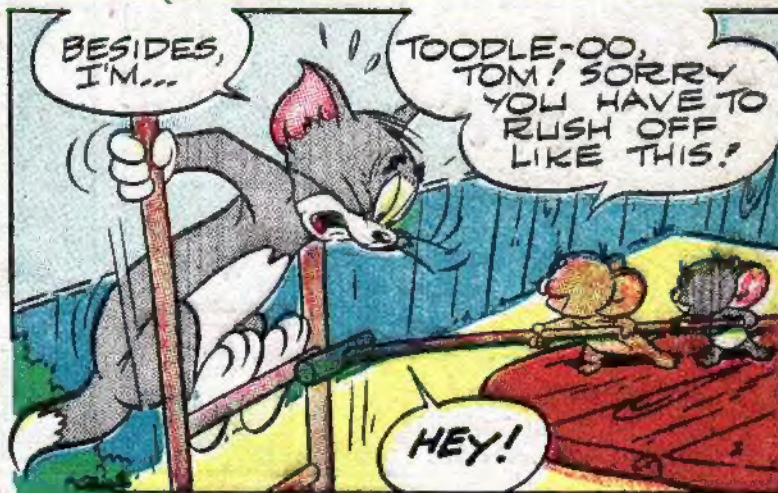
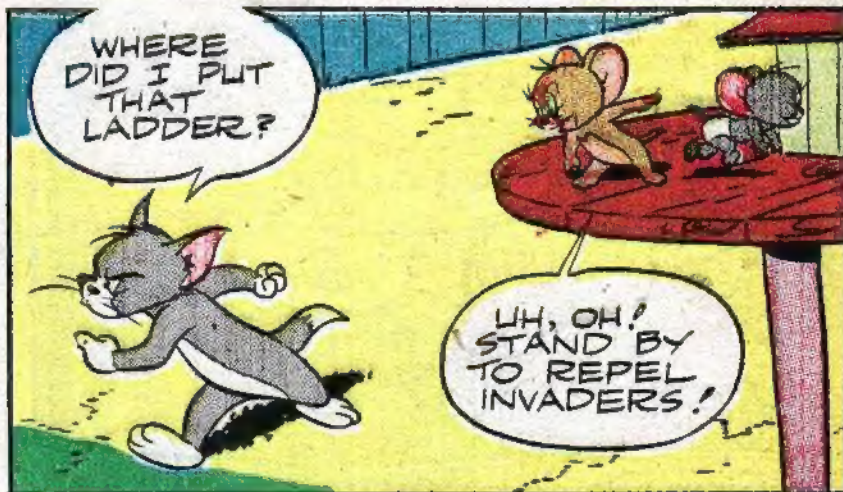
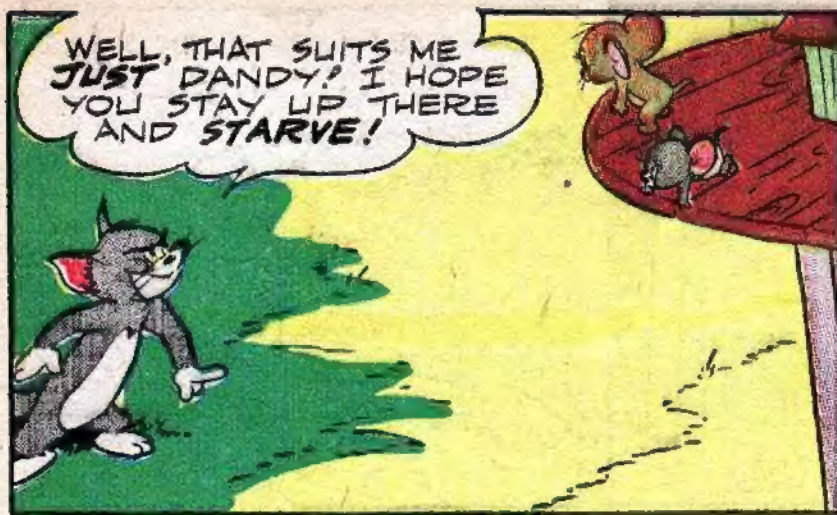
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TO...

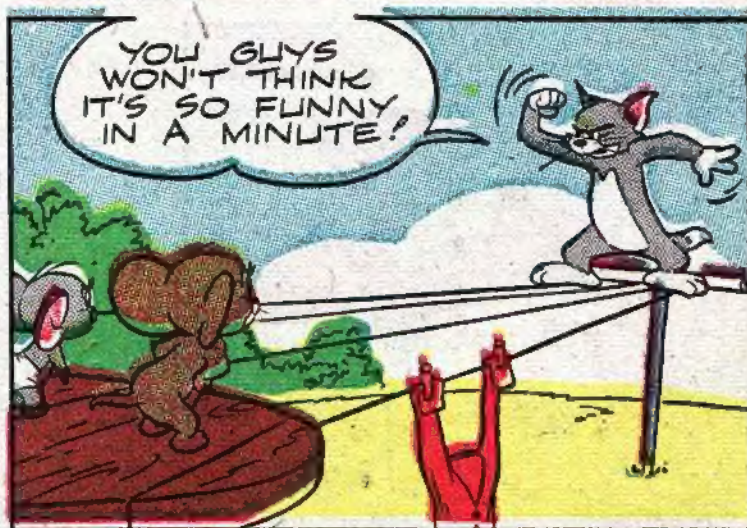
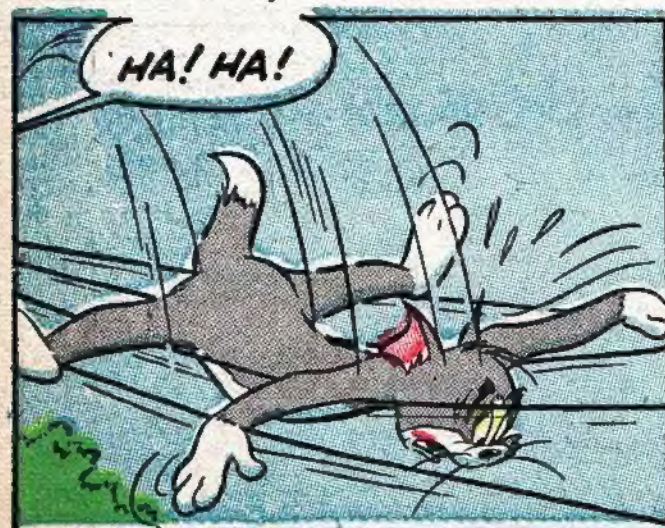
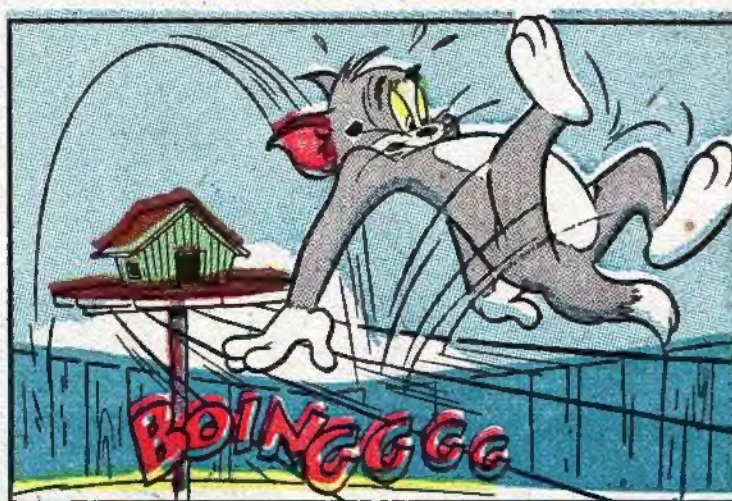
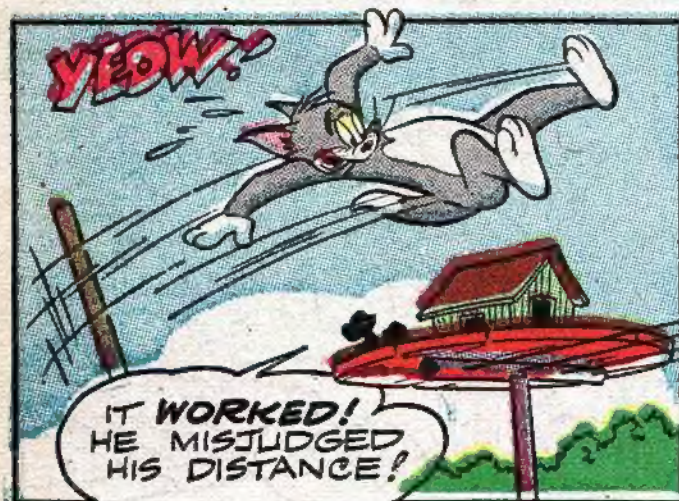
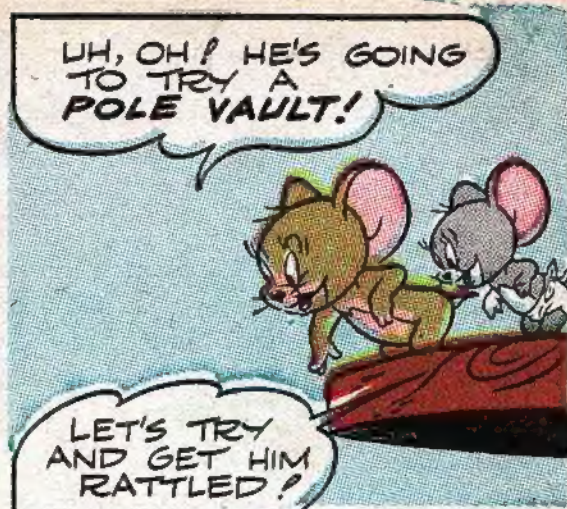
TSK! TSK!
COME, TUFFY!
THOMAS IS IN A
FOUL MOOD
AGAIN!

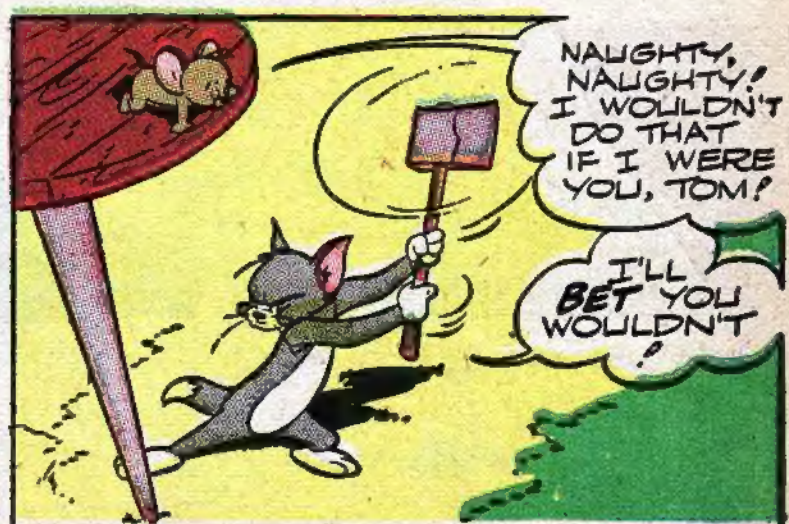
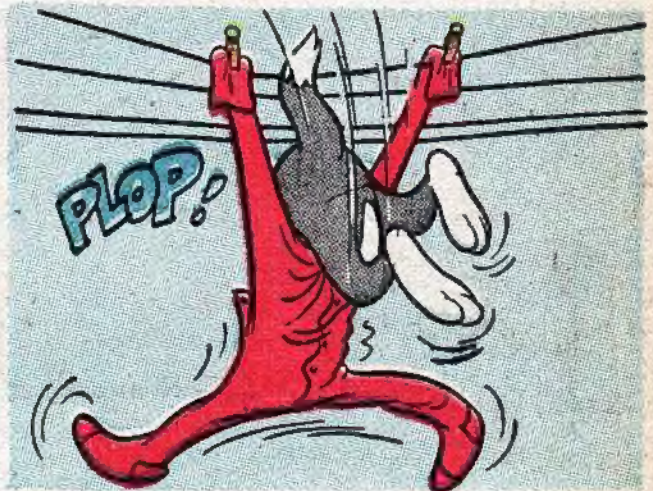
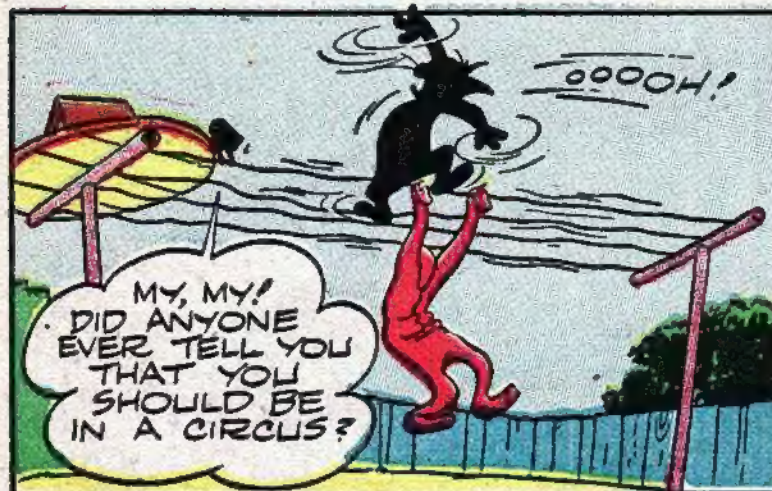
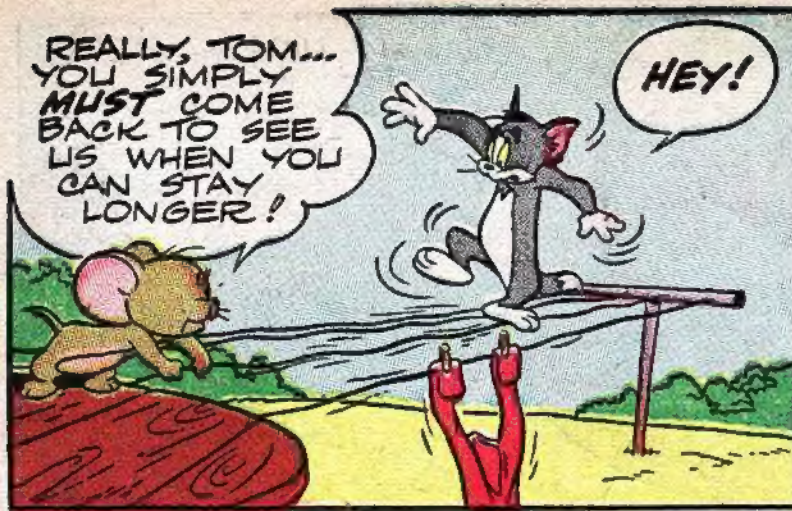
AT TIMES I WONDER WHY
CATS WERE EVER INVENTED!

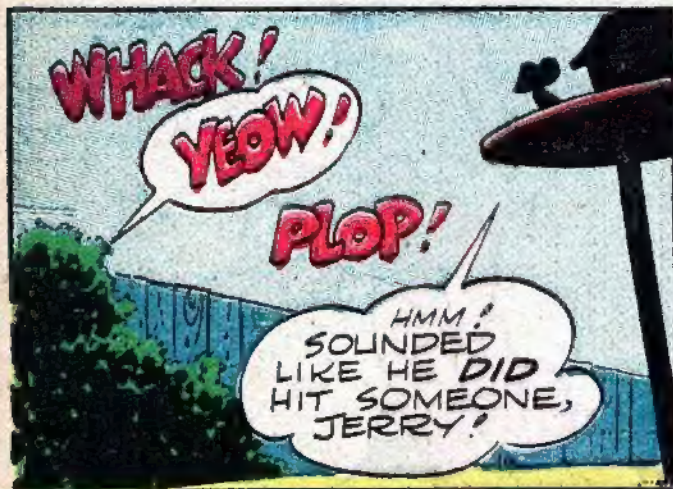
I'VE
OFTEN
WONDERED
THE SAME
THING,
TUFFY!

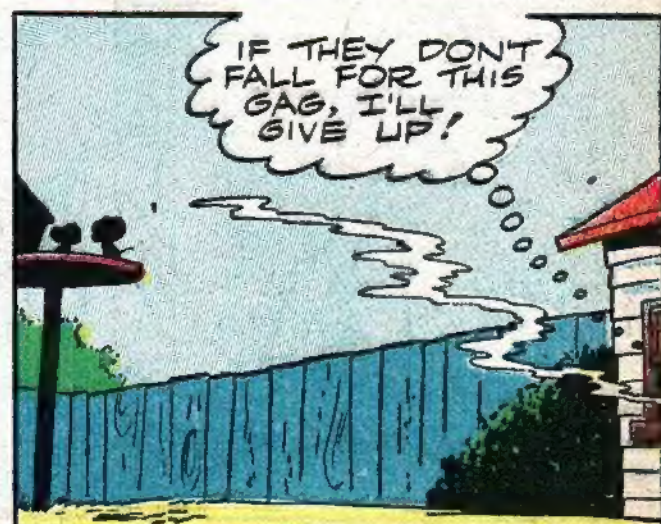
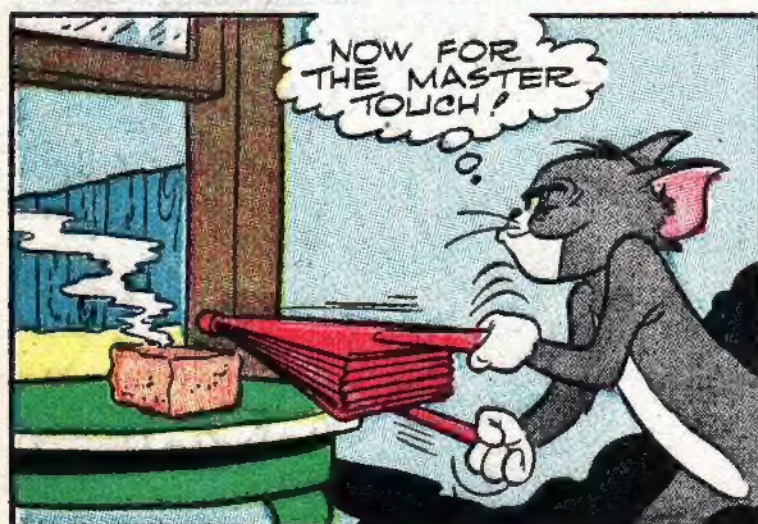
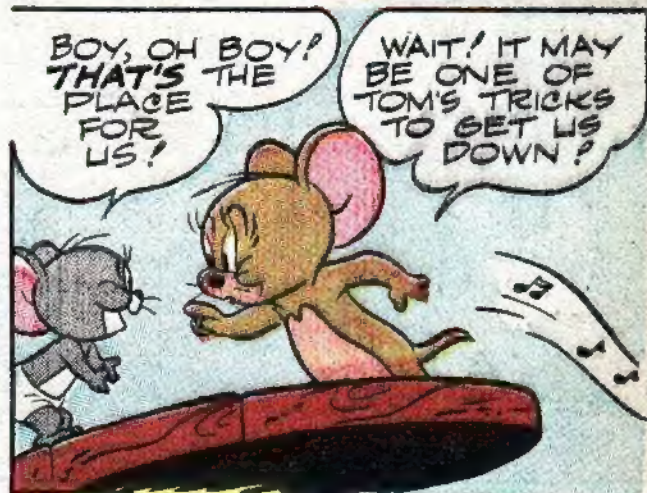
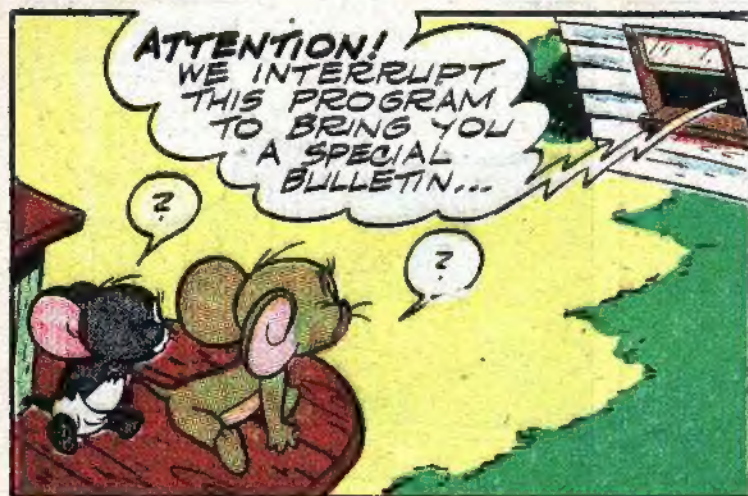
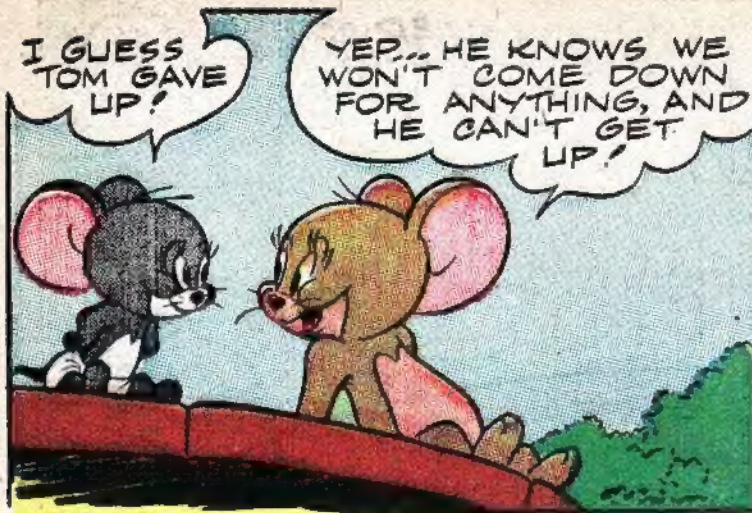


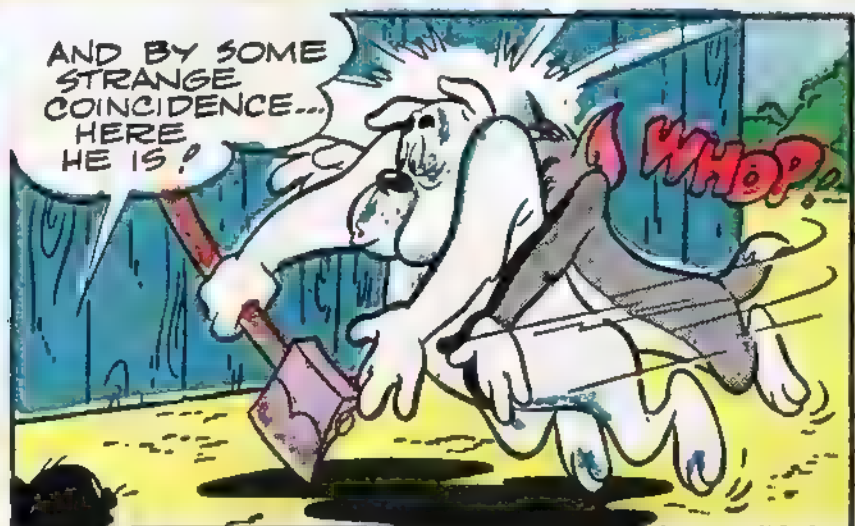
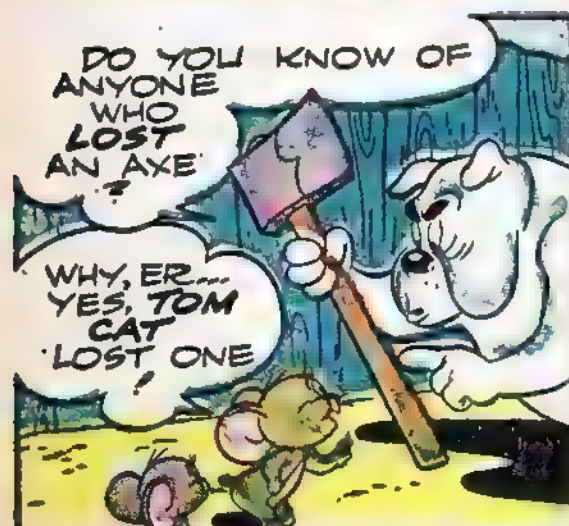
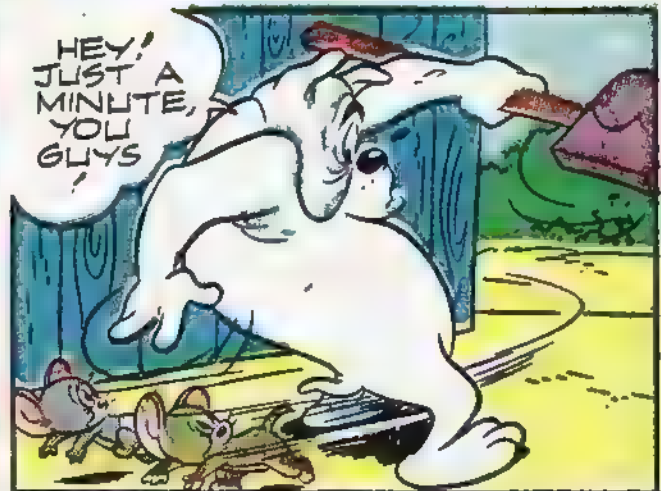
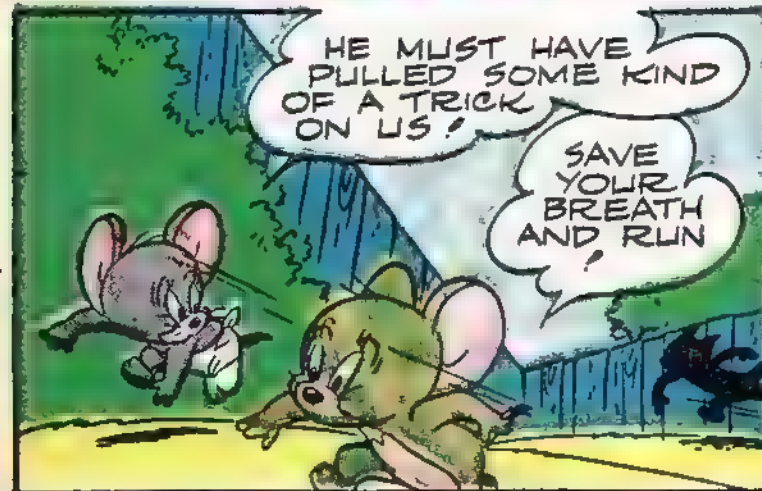
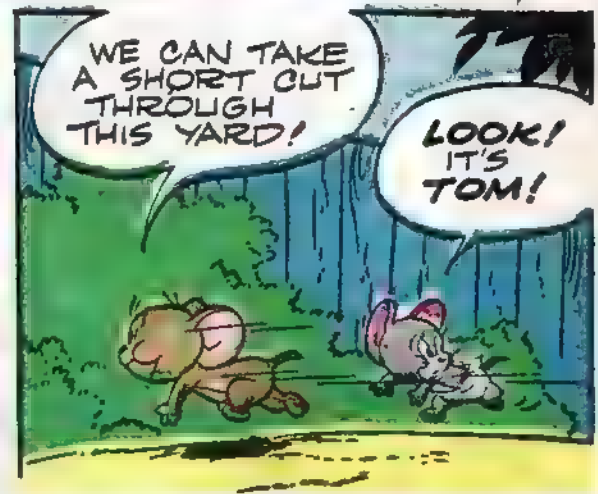
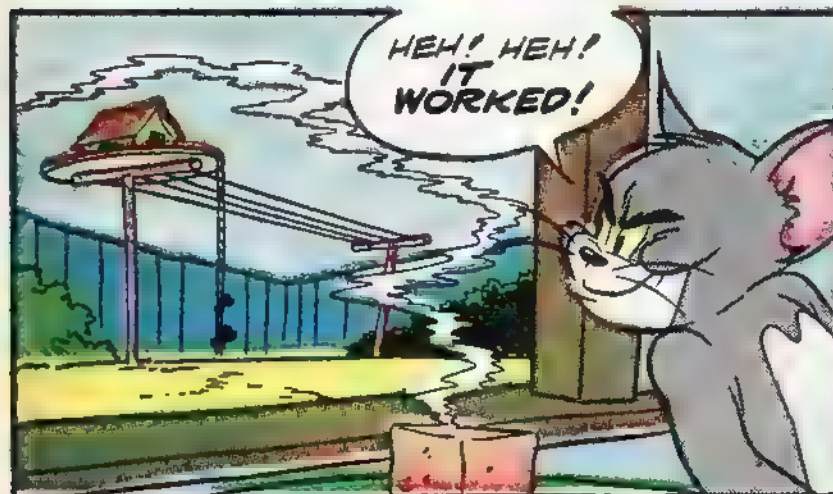
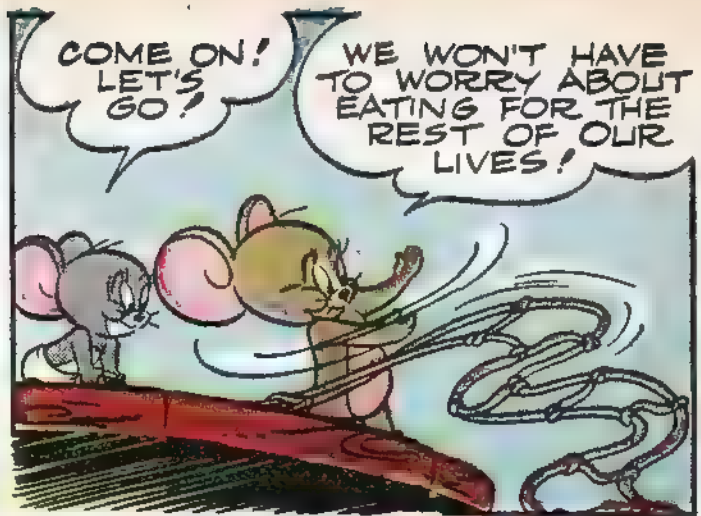
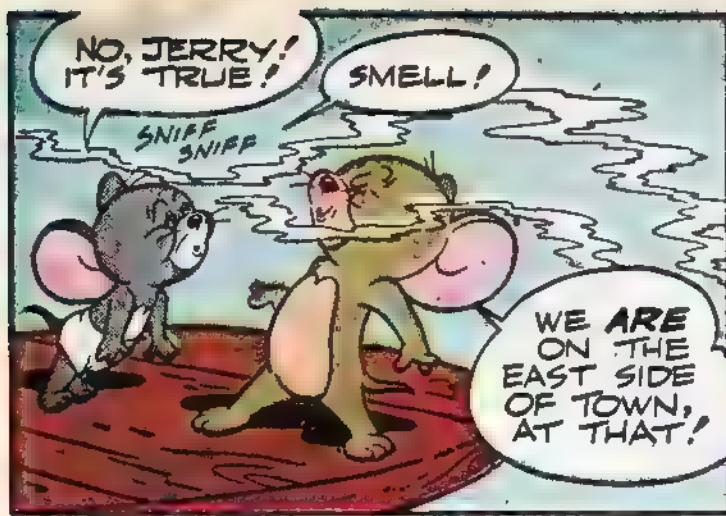


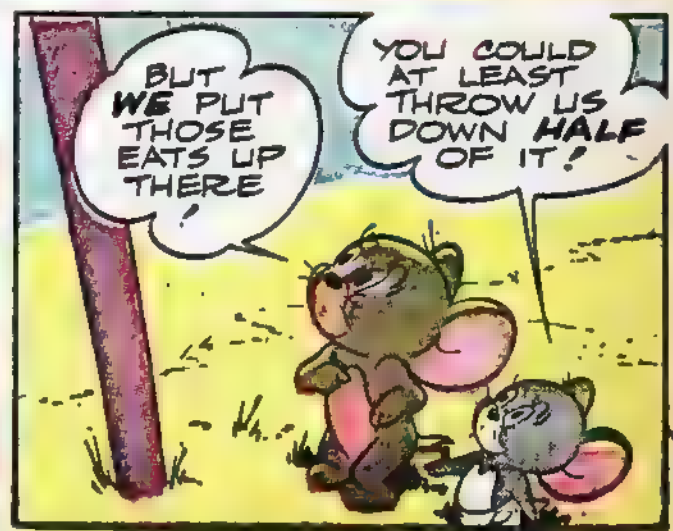
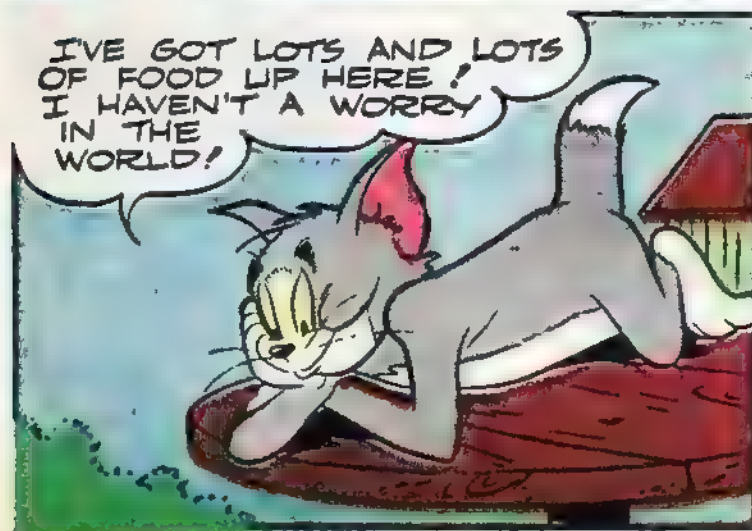
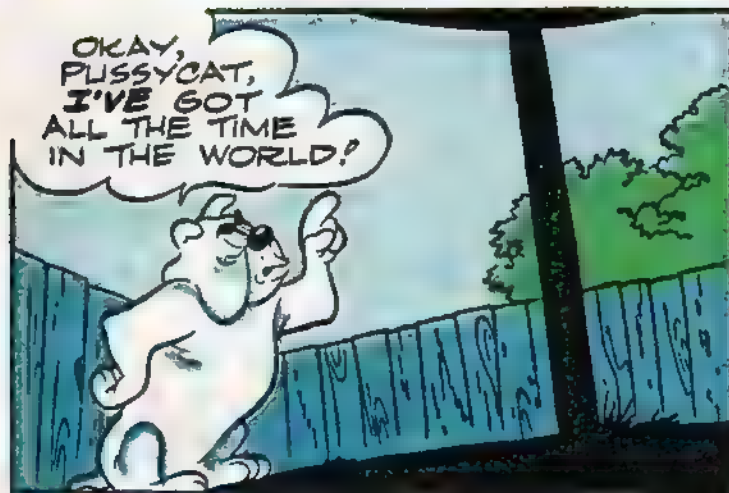
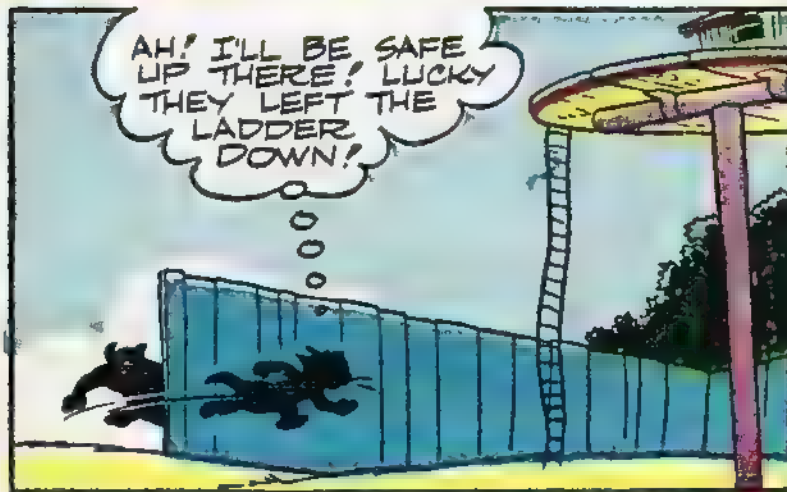


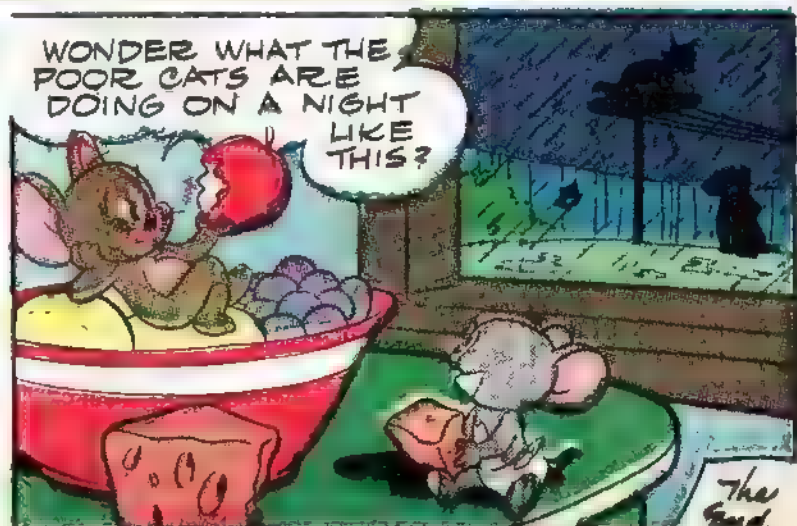
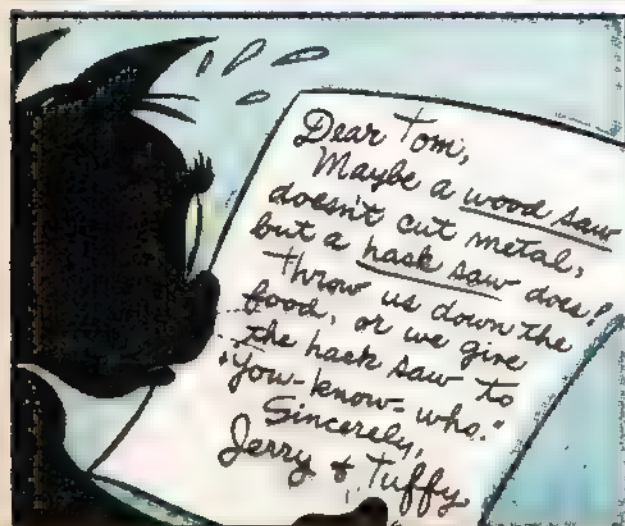
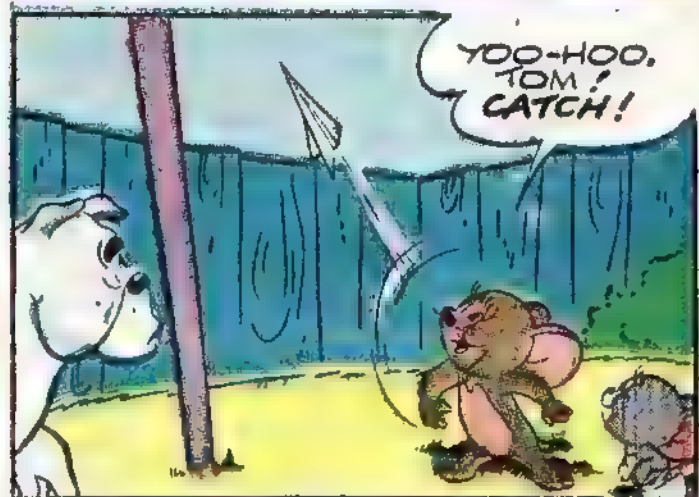
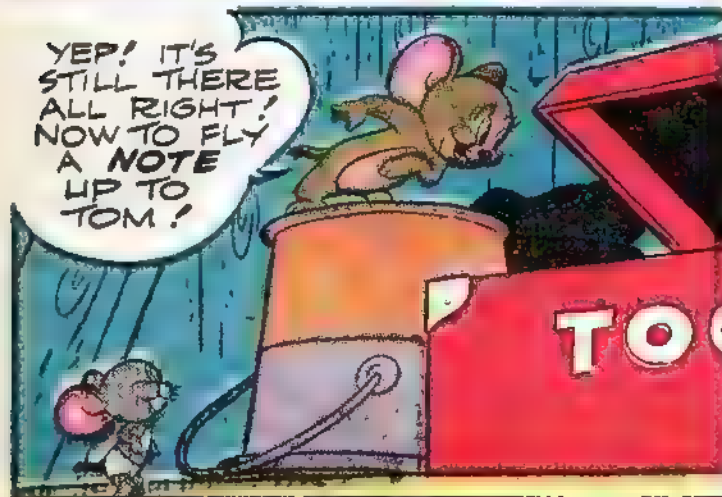
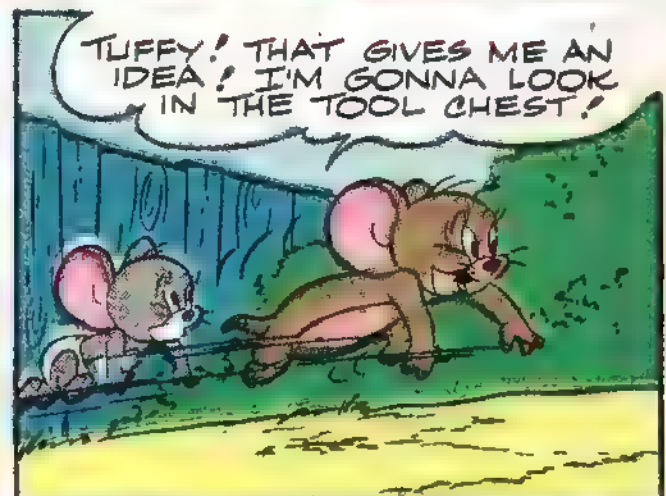
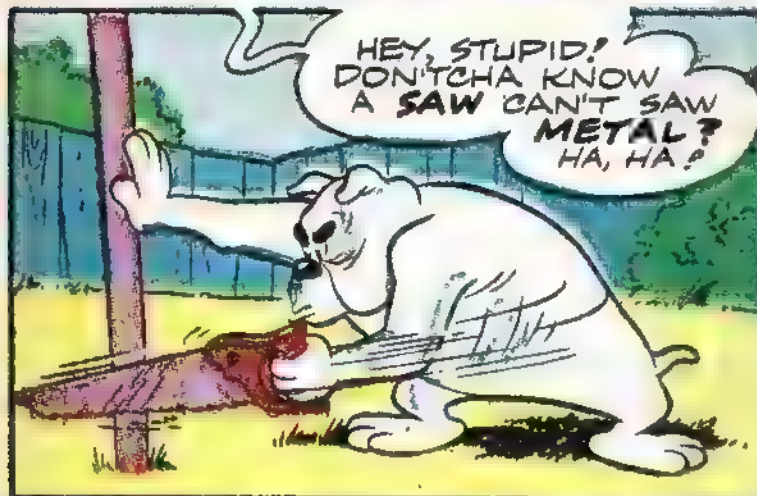
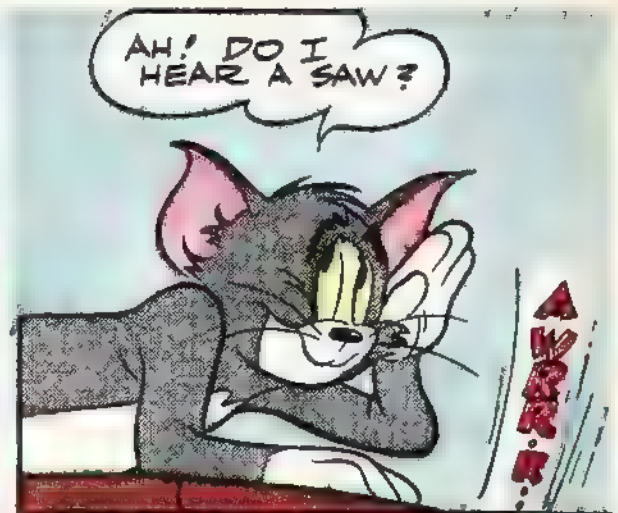
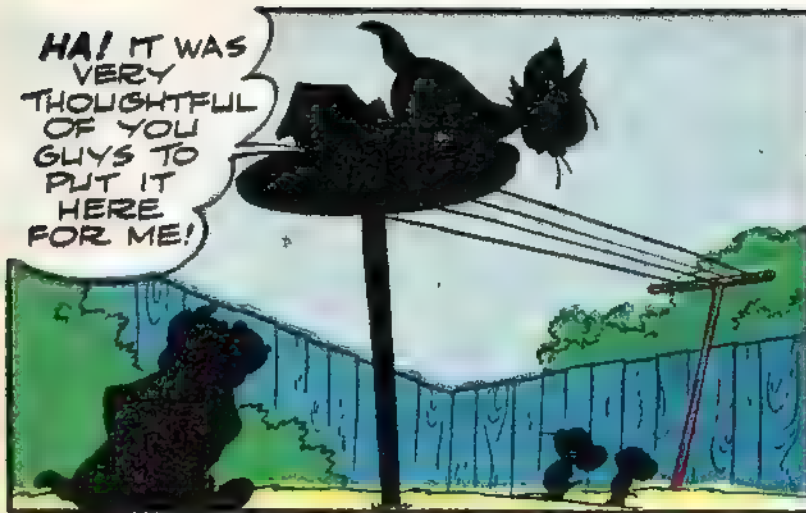






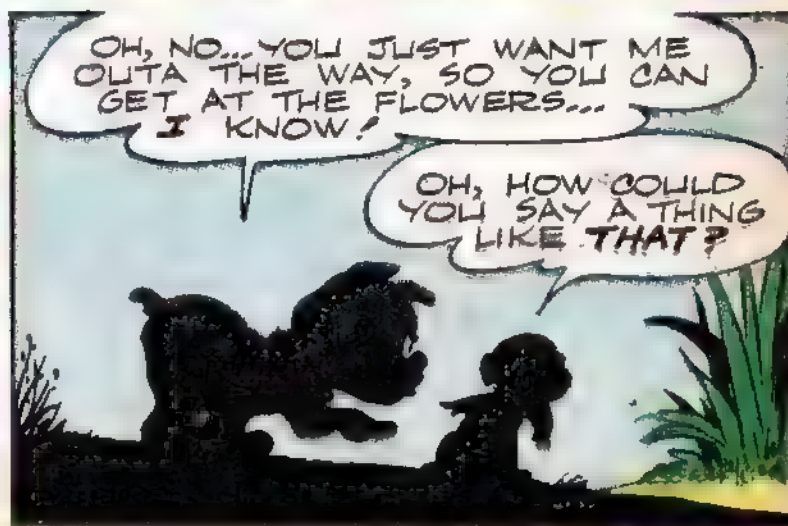
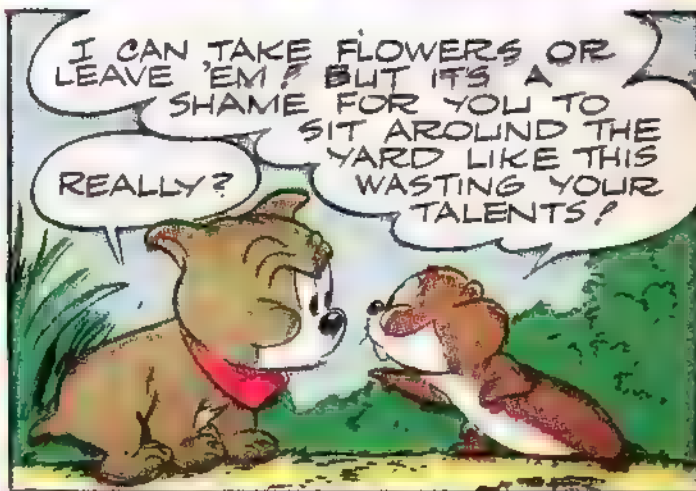
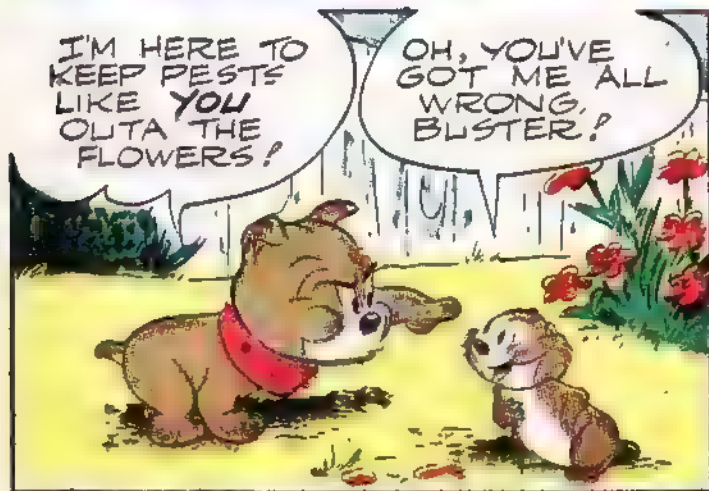
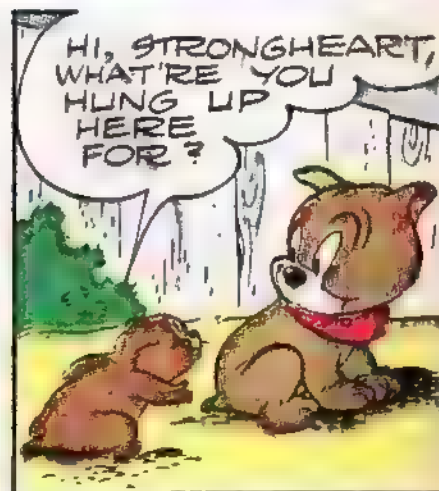
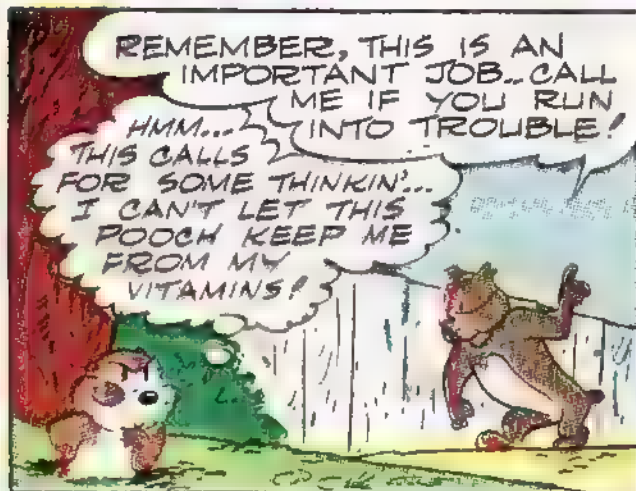
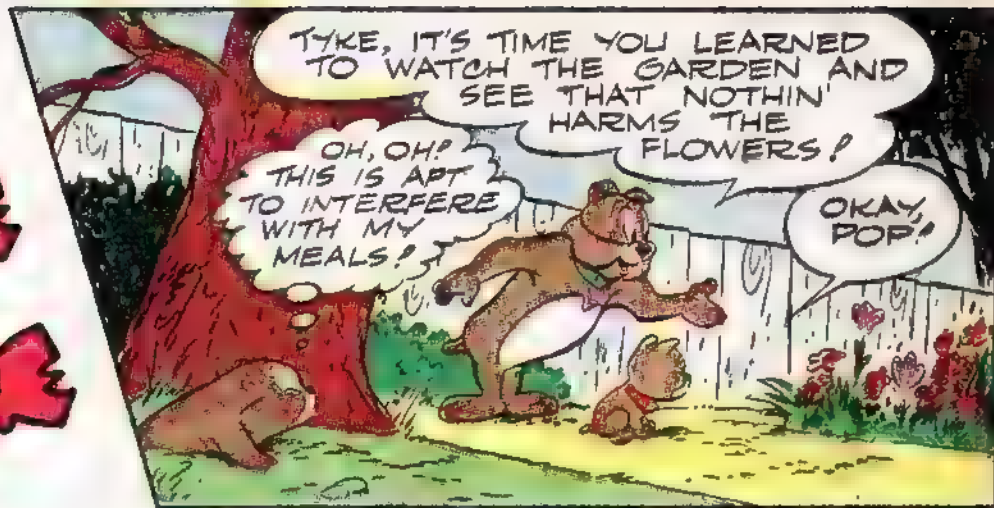


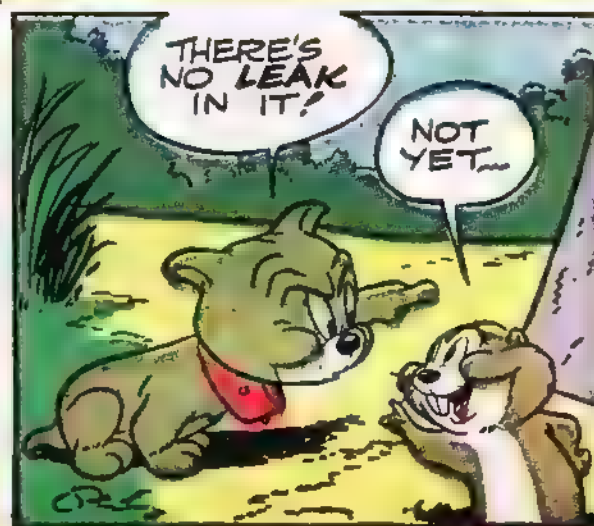
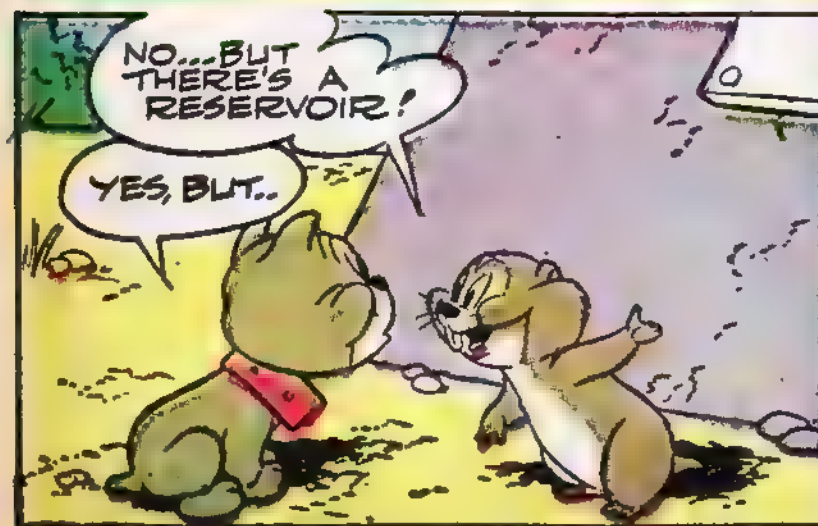
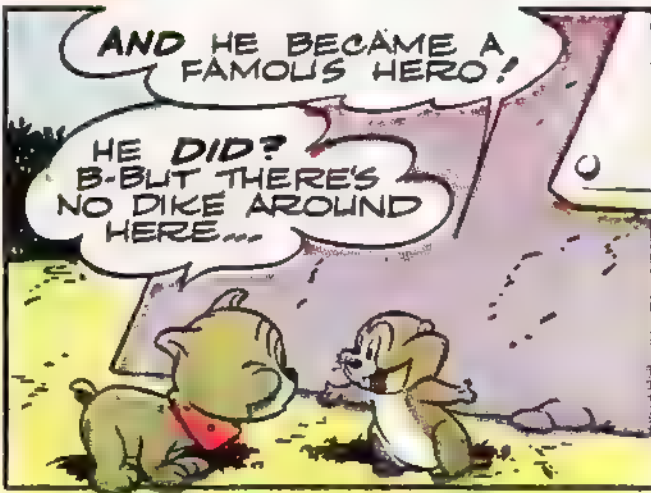
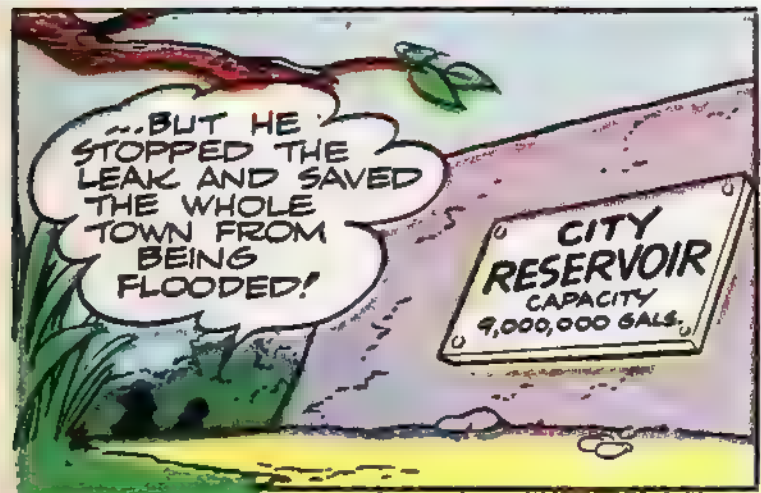
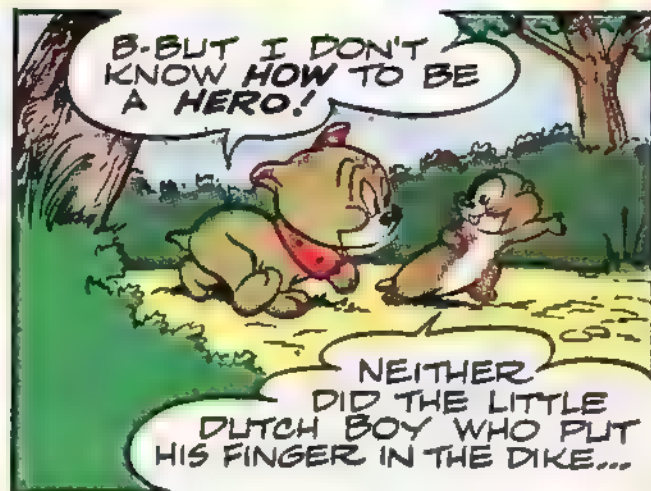
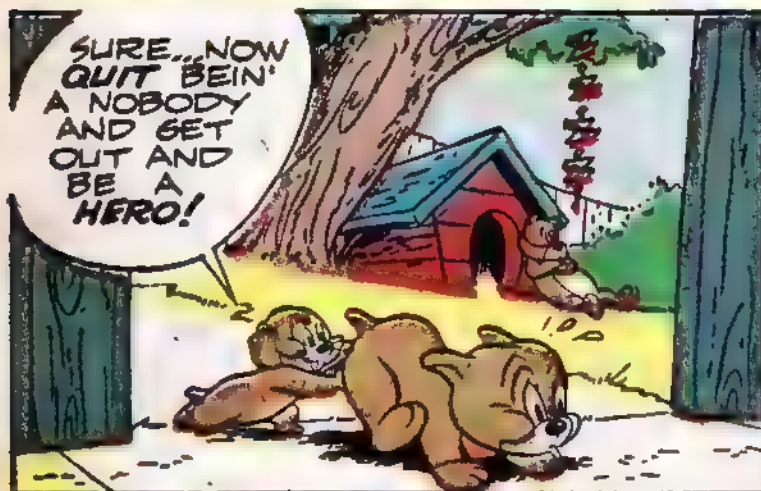
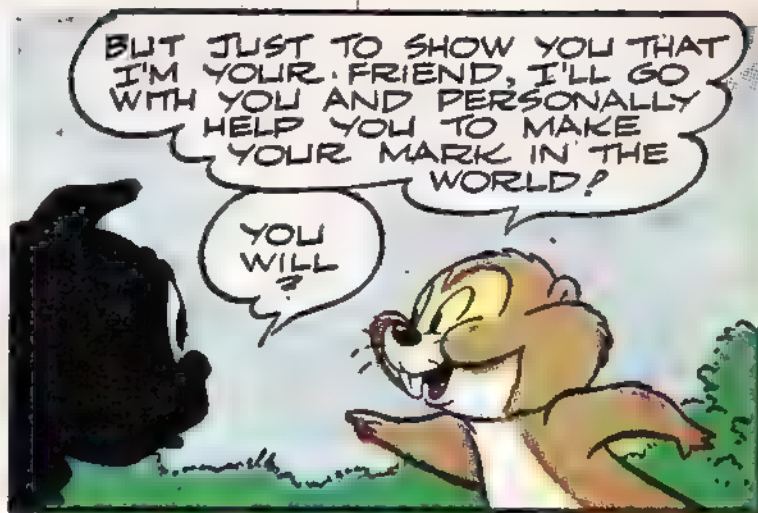
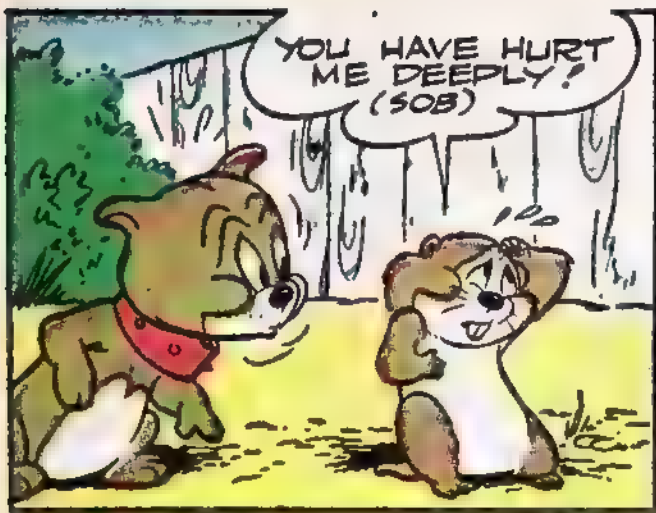


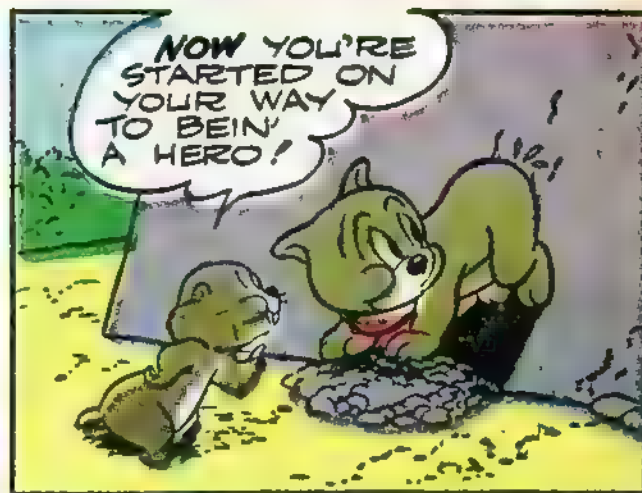
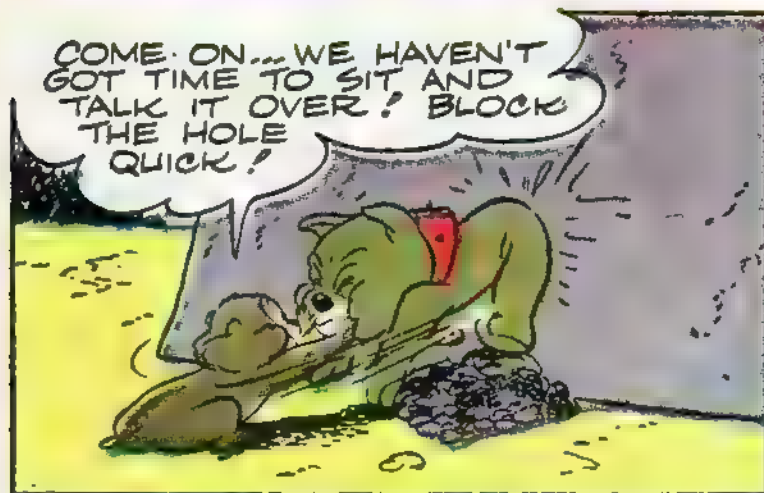
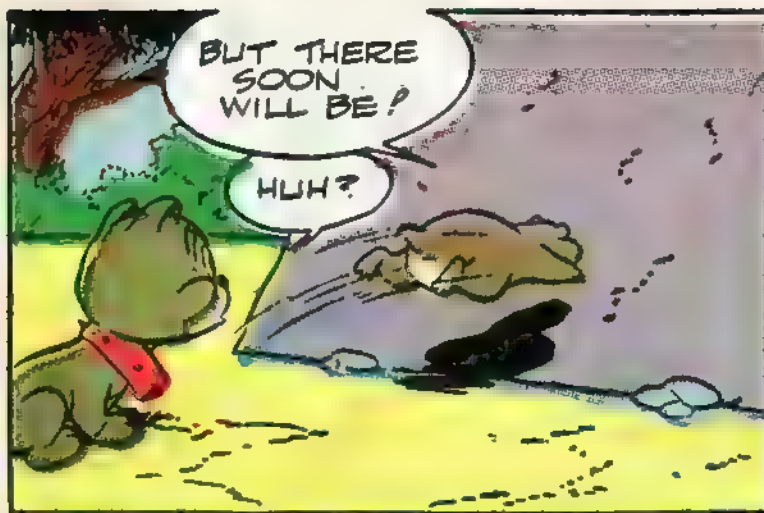


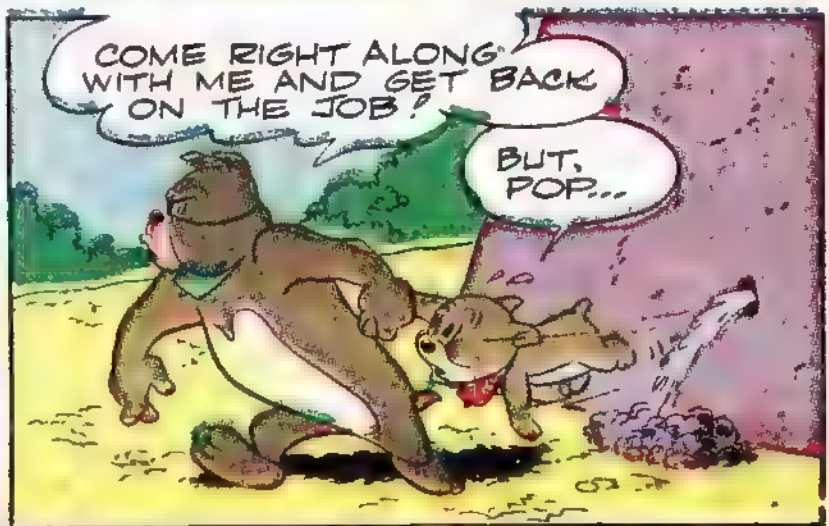
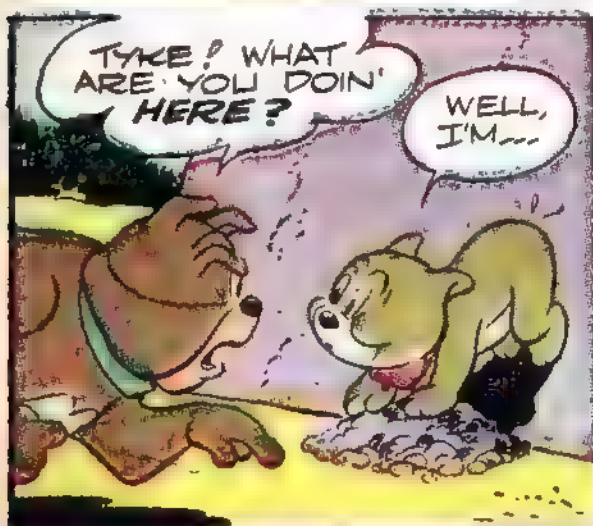
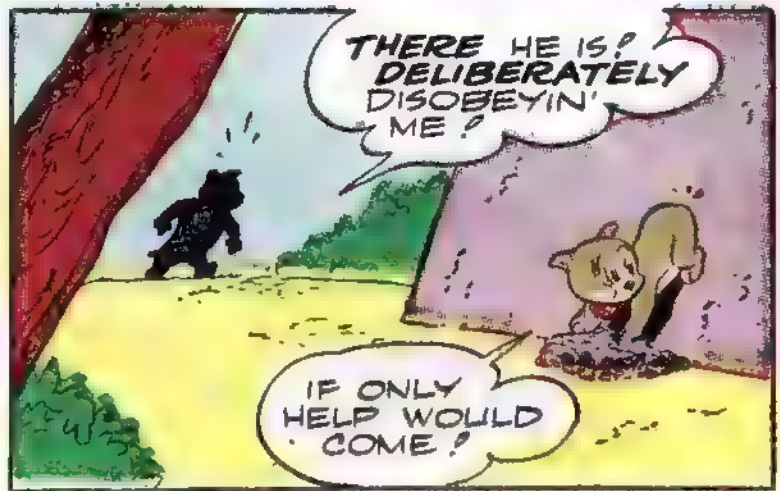
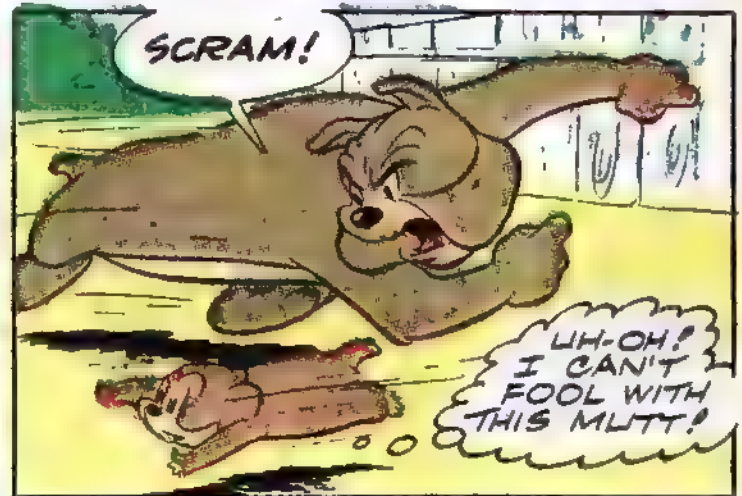
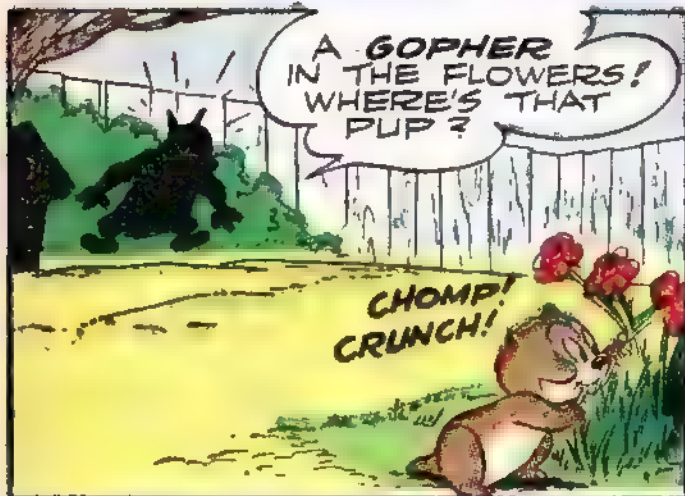
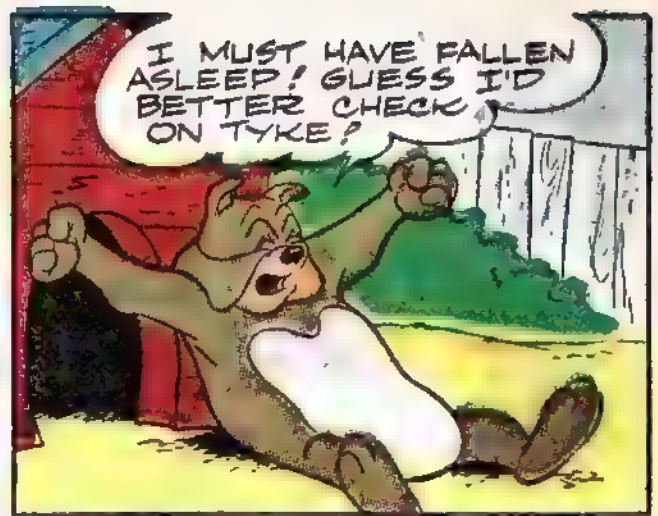
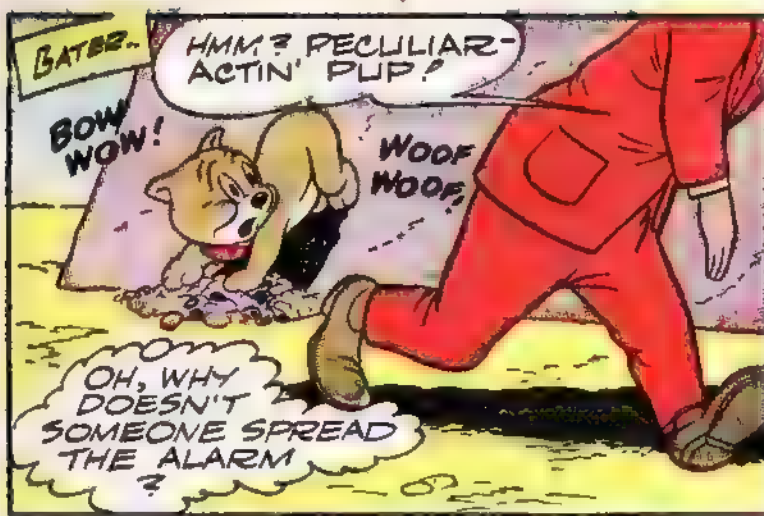
M-G-M. CARTOONS
present

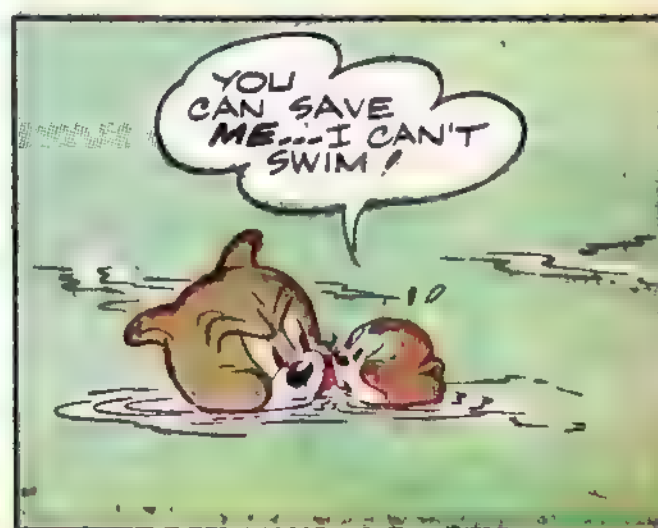
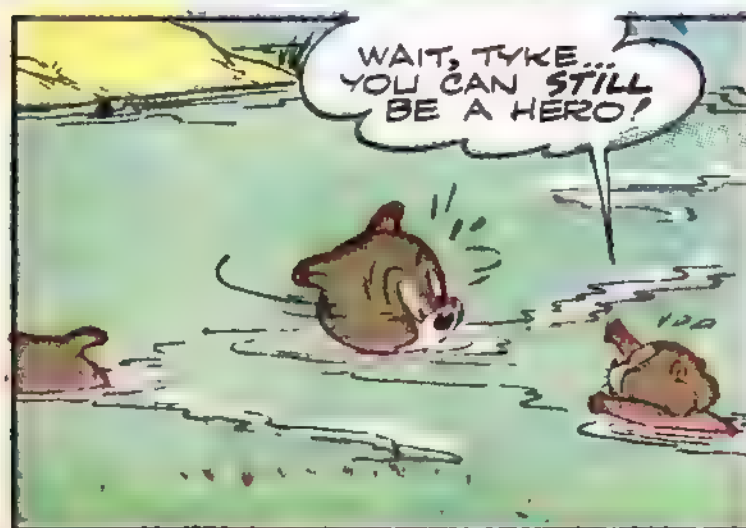
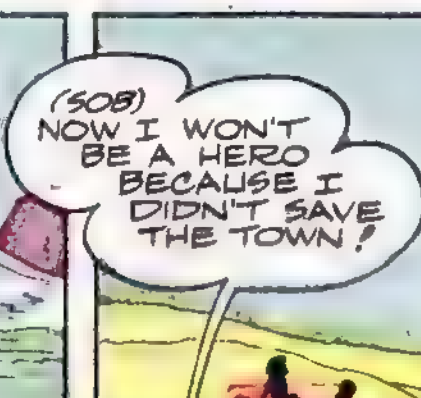
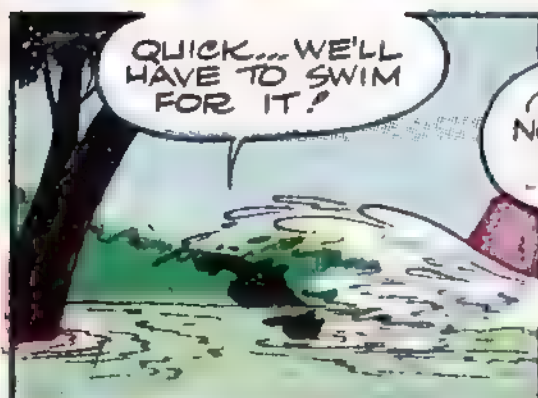
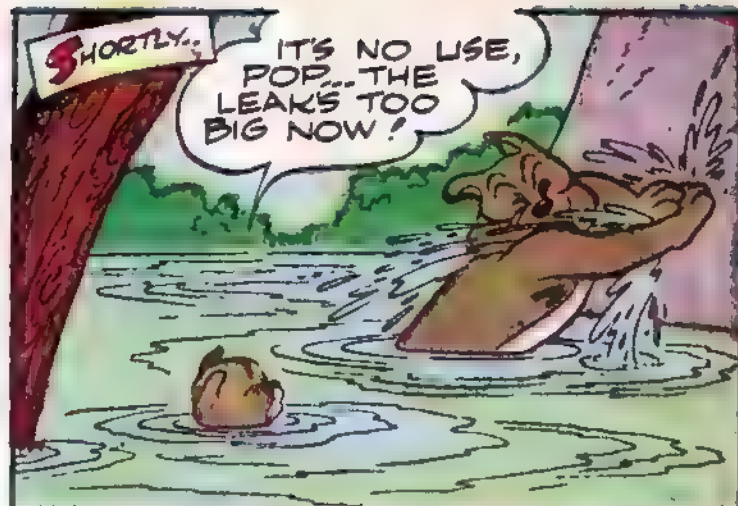
Big SPINA AND Little TYKE

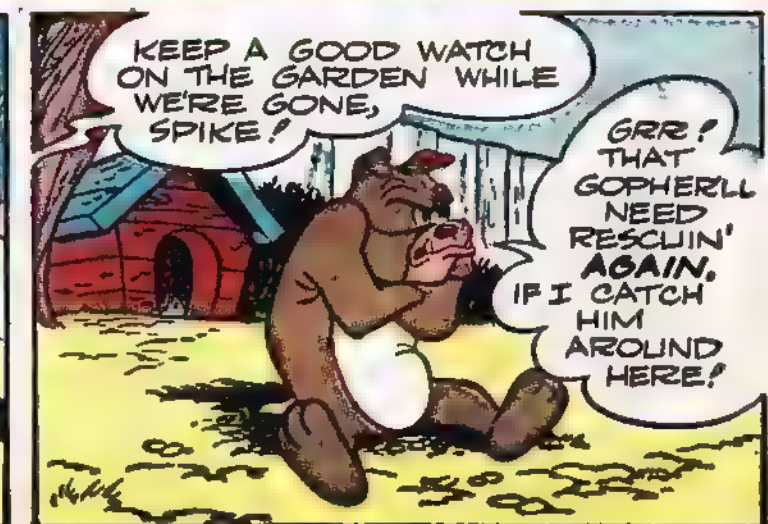
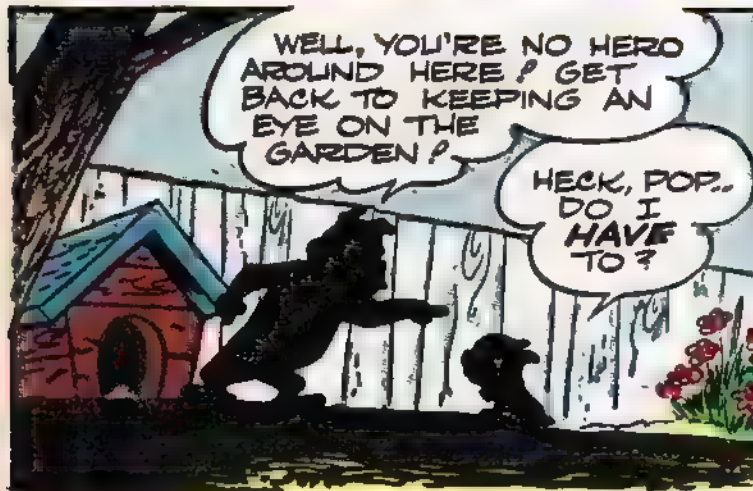
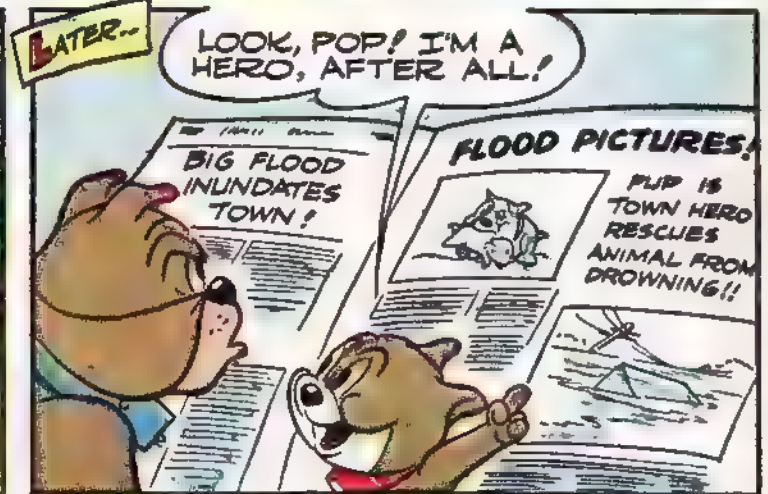
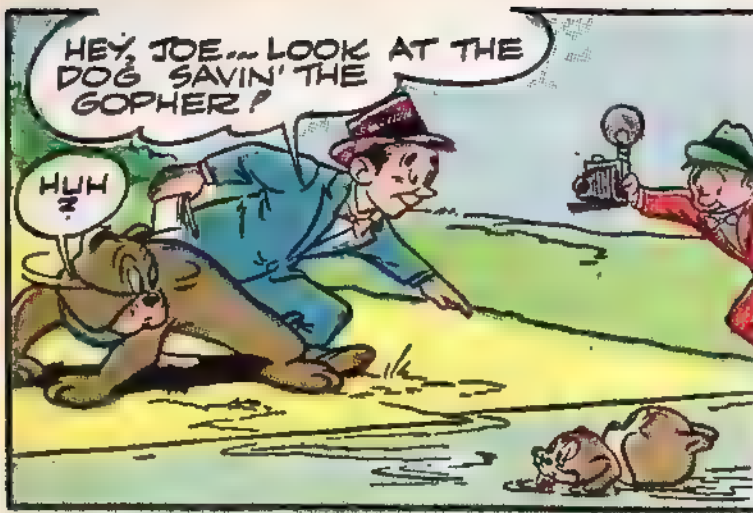






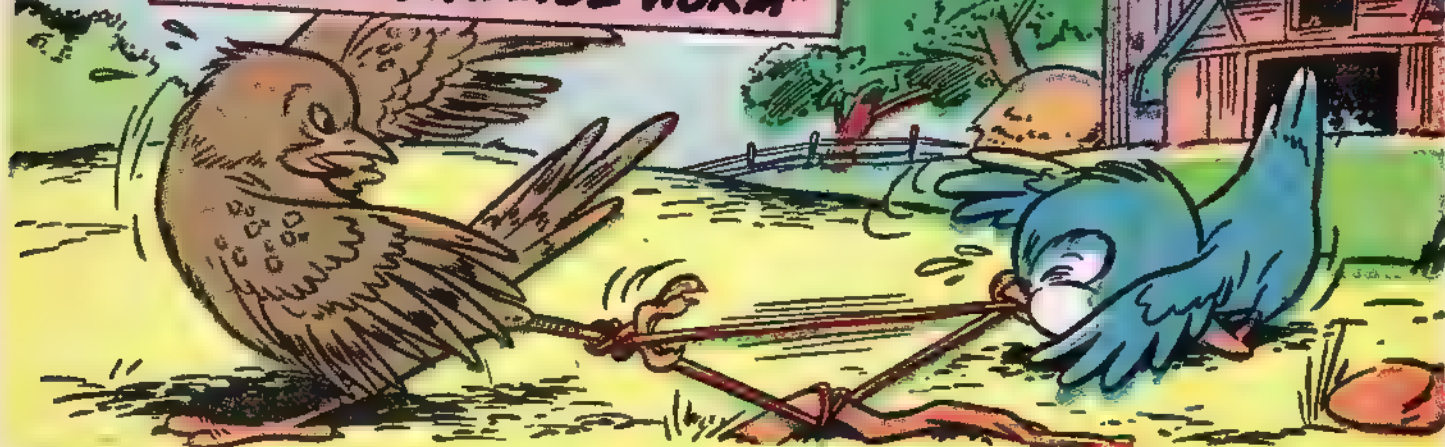






M-G-M-CARTOONS *present* **BERTIE BIRD**

and **"THE STRANGE WORM"**



The first greyness of dawn chased away the black shadows of night from Apple Tree Lane. And, suddenly, as though by magic, all the birds, who lived in the orchard, seemed to awaken. Their merry chirping, twittering, and singing filled the air as they greeted the new day with happy hearts and high spirits.

All the birds, that is, but Bertie. He was already up and GONE.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Bluebird to her other son, Billie. "Where do you suppose Bertie is?"

"Hunting for his breakfast, most likely," yawned Billie.

Billie was right. At that very moment, Bertie, the hunter, was perched upon a fence, overlooking a meadow of sweet-smelling clover. And he was quivering with excitement, for below him, hopping up and down and every which way, were dozens of lively grasshoppers.

"Oooh!" he chirped happily. "My favorite breakfast food! Sure pays to be the early bird, all right!"

But Bertie's lovely breakfast was halted by the impatient wailing of baby Meadowlarks. "What's the matter with them?" he wondered. "Why does their mother let them cry like that? Maybe," Bertie worried, "something has happened to her and they're all alone. Guess I'd better go see if they're in trouble."

So, off Bertie flew to the nest of the baby Meadowlarks. He landed in front of the arched entrance and peered inside. When

the three little birds in the nest saw Bertie, they stopped crying.

"Why, you poor little things! You want your breakfast," chirped Bertie, as the little birds pushed and struggled in their eagerness to be fed.

Agreeing with Bertie, the little birds started to wail again to prove it. "Don't cry!" said Bertie. "I'll get you a nice fat grasshopper!"

Flying off across the meadow, Bertie was back in a few minutes with the largest grasshopper he could find. Dropping it into the nest, he said, "Here you are, little fellows! Eat up!"

But the baby birds paid no attention to the grasshopper. Instead, they turned toward Bertie, with mouths opened wider than ever!

"What's the matter with you?" Bertie asked, puzzled. "Don't you like grasshoppers?" At that, the baby birds set up another loud wail.

Just then, Bertie heard the whir of wings. "I hope that's Mrs. Meadowlark coming back to feed her babies," said Bertie. He glanced skyward, but it was only Susie Sparrow. "Maybe she'll know how to feed the little birds. Susie!" he called, "please come down here!"

Susie whirled around and nose-dived down to the ground beside Bertie. "What's the trouble, Bertie?" she chirped saucily.

"Will you please try to feed these poor hungry little birds?" he asked. "While I try to find their mother?"

"Why, I'd LOVE to," answered Susie.

Leaving Susie to care for the deserted Meadowlarks, Bertie started out on his search for their mother. He flew across the meadow, over a plowed field, and all around the orchard. But he could not find Mrs. Meadowlark. He flew over Farmer Brown's house, barn, and chicken yard, and then, tired, he dropped down to rest on the edge of a horse trough.

And there, on the ground below, Bertie saw a strange sight! Hopping down to the ground to investigate, he could hardly believe his eyes. For the first time in the history of birddom, a WORM had caught a BIRD. And the bird was Mrs. Meadowlark!

Bertie was dumbfounded. How COULD a weak little worm hold a strong bird, like Mrs. Meadowlark, pinned tight to the ground by her leg?

"Please, Bertie!" begged Mrs. Meadowlark, "don't just stand there staring! Make this mean old worm let go of me!"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" exclaimed Bertie. "Of course I will!"

Leaping into action, Bertie rushed at the worm and snapped it with his sharp little bill. But the worm did not move! Bertie tried again and again, but still it did not stir! "My goodness!" Bertie chirped, surprised. "He's certainly tough!"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Meadowlark. "I found that out when I tried to pull him out of the ground to take to my babies. He's no ordinary worm, let me tell you!"

Indeed, he was not an ordinary worm. In fact, it was no worm at all, although it looked like one! It was a rubber band, with one looped end buried deep in the ground and the other wound around Mrs. Meadowlark's leg.

Bertie set to work at once to free Mrs.

Meadowlark. He planted his feet firmly on the ground, braced himself, grabbed the rubber band in his bill and started to pull. He pulled and pulled and pulled. And the rubber band stretched and stretched and stretched. Then, suddenly—SNAP!—it broke. Bertie and Mrs. Meadowlark tumbled head over heels into the dirt. She was free, at last!

"Oh, thank you, Bertie," exclaimed Mrs. Meadowlark, breathlessly. "Now I must hurry home to my hungry babies...I'm sure they're crying for me."

Back at the nest, Bertie found that Susie had had no better luck than he, in feeding the little birds. Though she had busily brought worms enough for all and carefully dropped them beside the babies, the little birds continued to wail with mouths wide open.

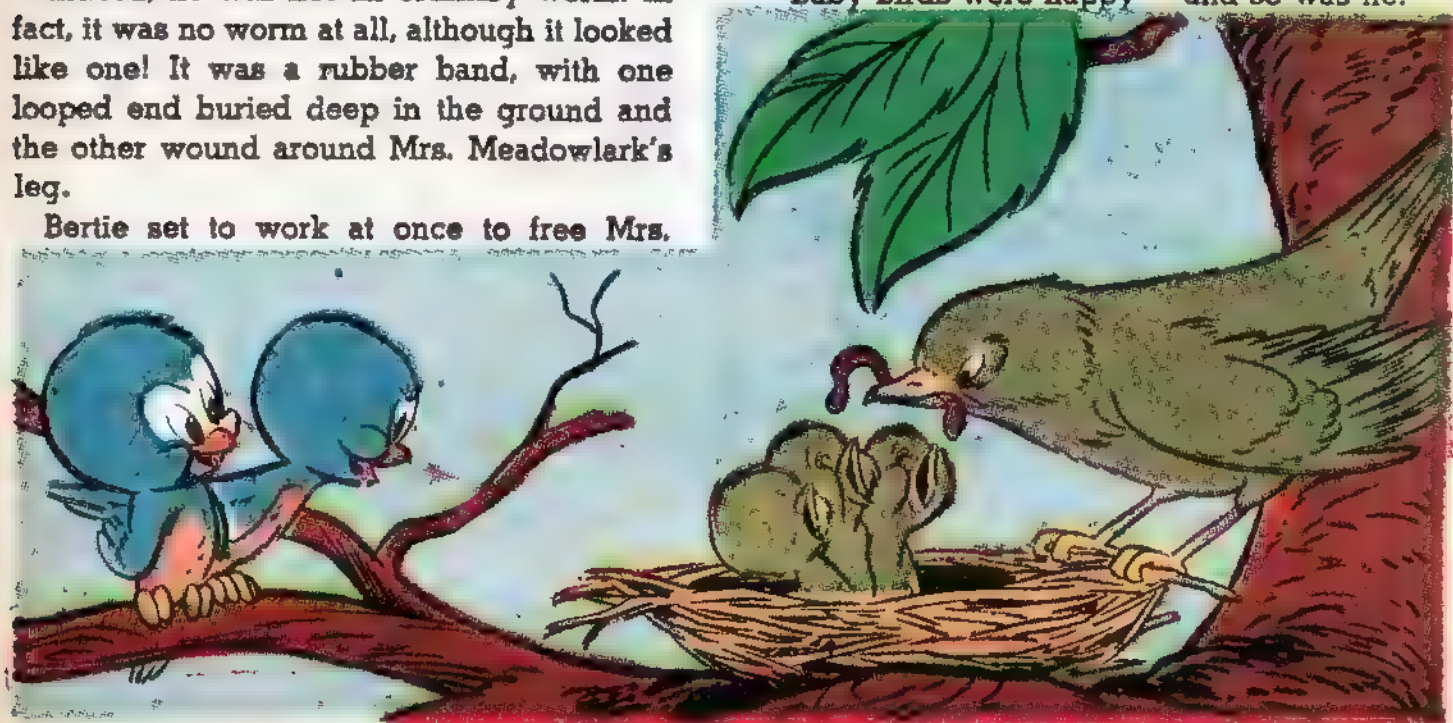
"I don't understand it," exclaimed Susie in bewilderment.

Mrs. Meadowlark just smiled and, picking up the food, she popped it into the hungry birds' mouths—one after another!

"Oh!" exclaimed Bertie and Susie in the same breath. "That's how it's done!"

"Yes, my dears," said the mother bird. "You see, my babies are still too little to pick up the food themselves. But thank you so much—both of you—for your help. I don't know what I'd have done without you." And she caressed each of them with the tip of her wing.

Bertie glowed with pleasure. At last, the baby birds were happy—and so was he!



M.G.M. CARTOONS

present

WUFF

the
PRAIRIE DOG

HERE, WUFF...TAKE THIS DOLLAR
AND BUY ME A CHOCOLATE CAKE
AT THE PRAIRIE STORE!

YOU
BET,
MOM!

YOU BOYS HAVE BEEN
PRETTY GOOD LATELY, SO
I'LL TREAT YOU TO A PARTY
THIS
AFTERNOON!

SWELL!

NOTHING BETTER THAN A
CHOCOLATE CAKE
PARTY,
EH,
SAMMY?

NOTHING
THAT I
KNOW OF!

UH, OH!
LOOK OUT,
WUFF!
THERE'S
CHARLIE
COYOTE!

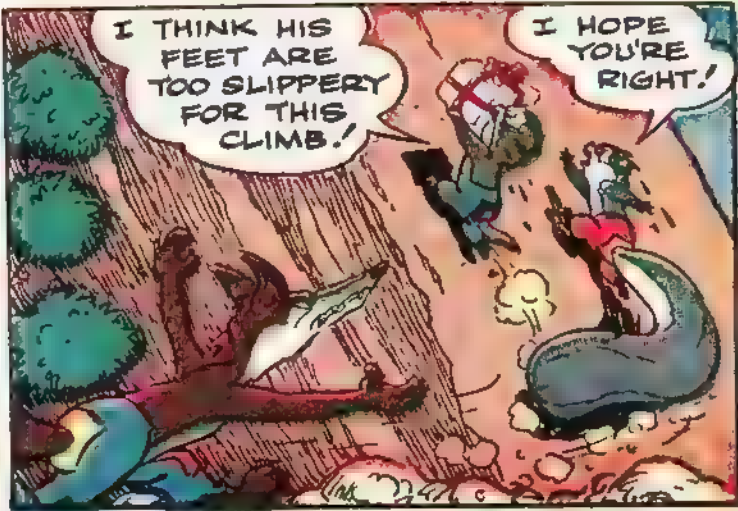
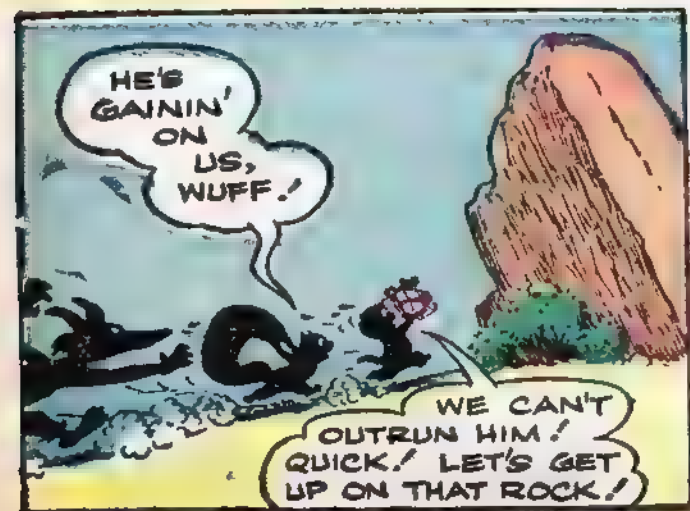
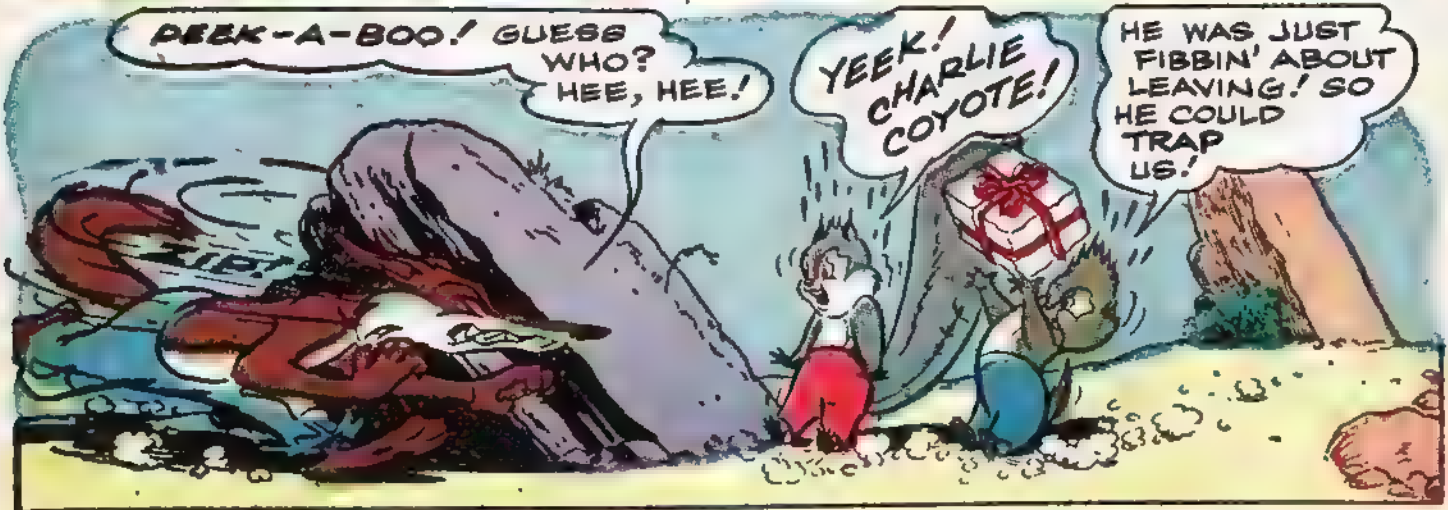
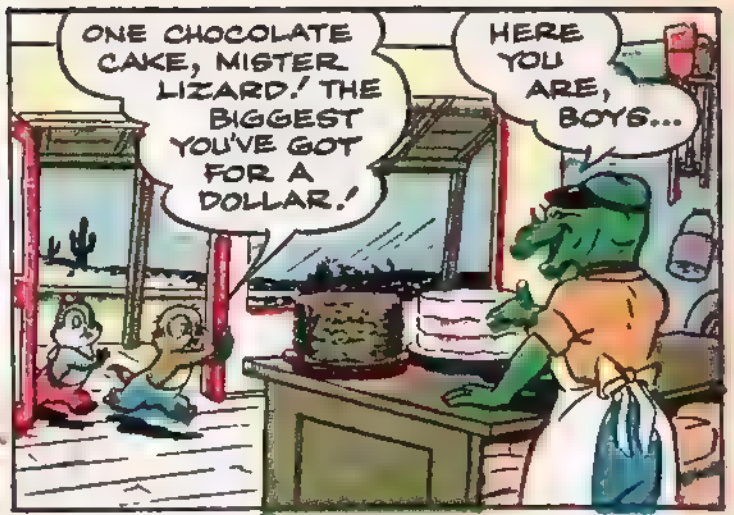
WE'D
BETTER
RUN
BACK
HOME!

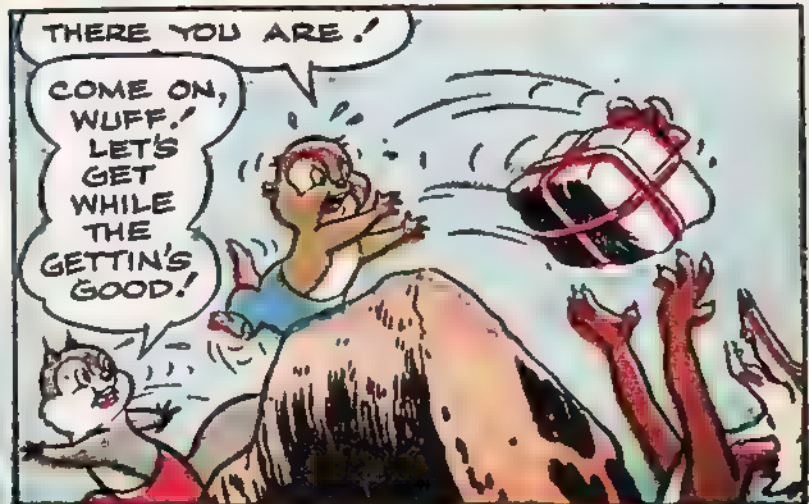
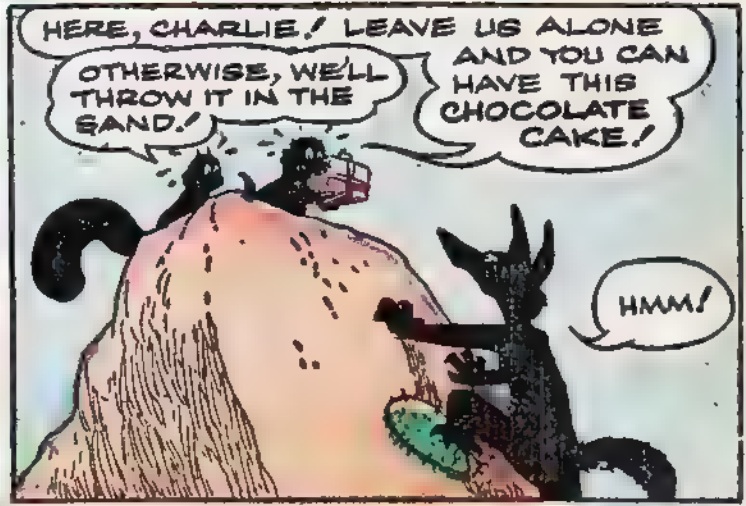
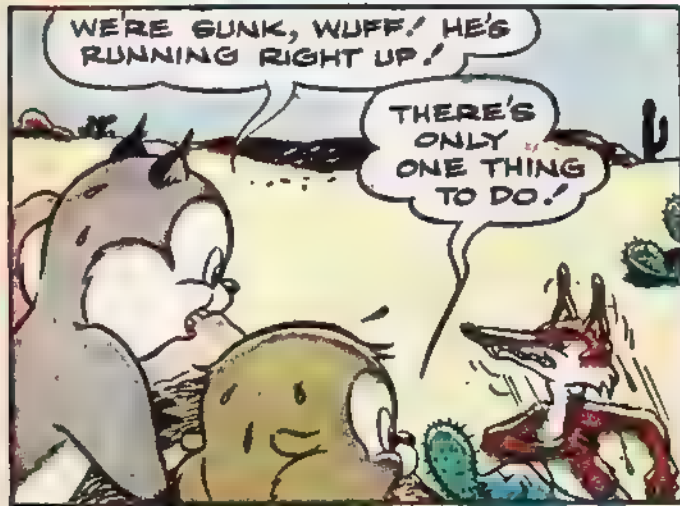
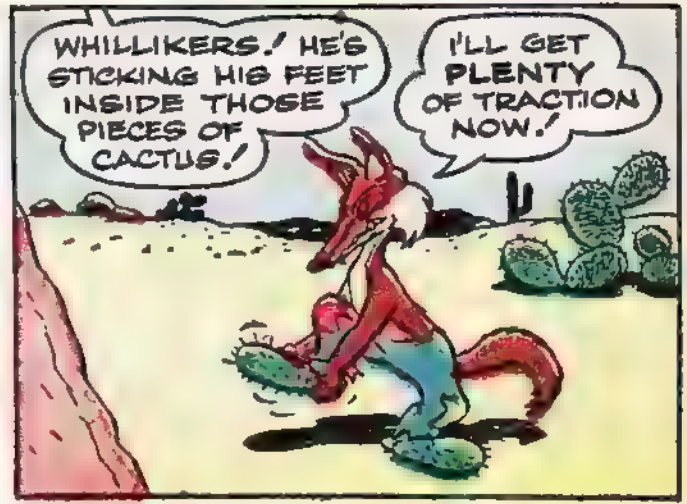
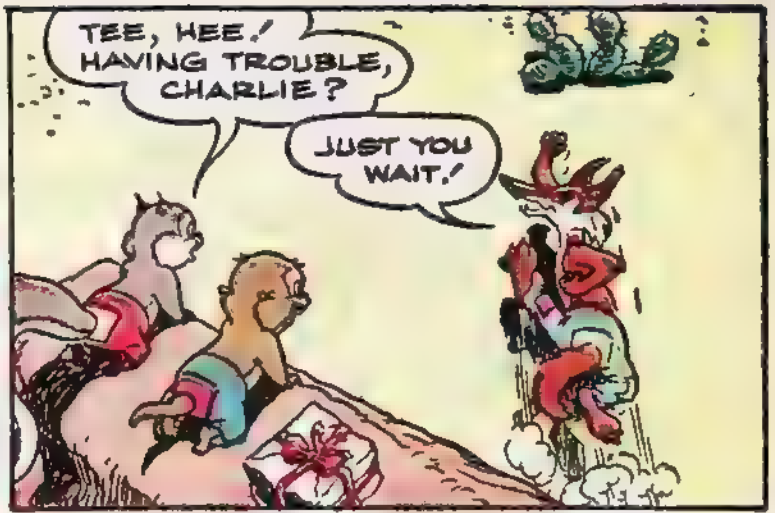
DON'T BE
AFRAID,
LADS!
I WON'T
CHASE
YOU, I'M
THROUGH
WITH THAT
STUFF!

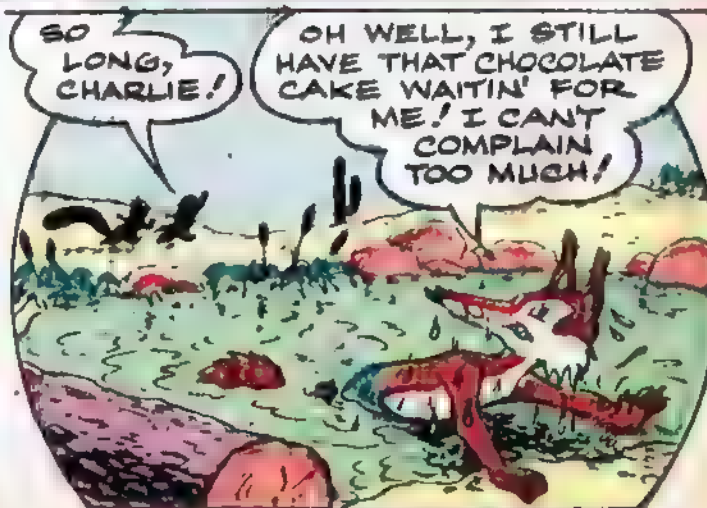
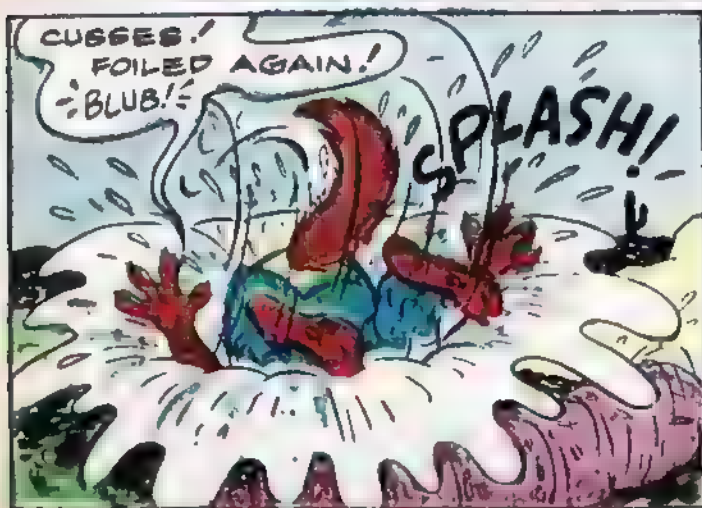
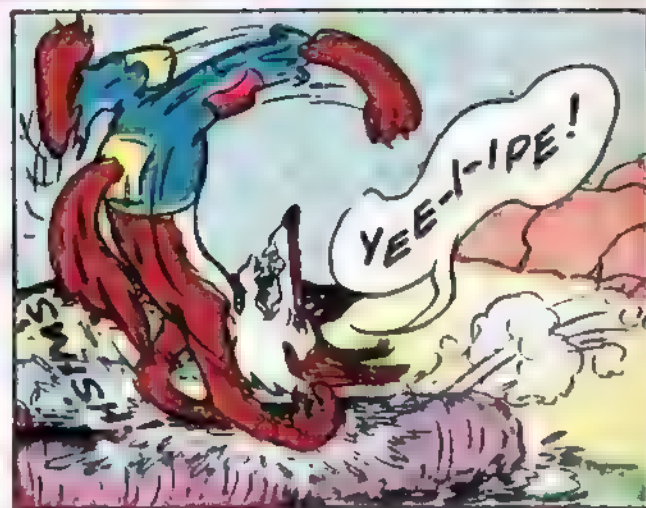
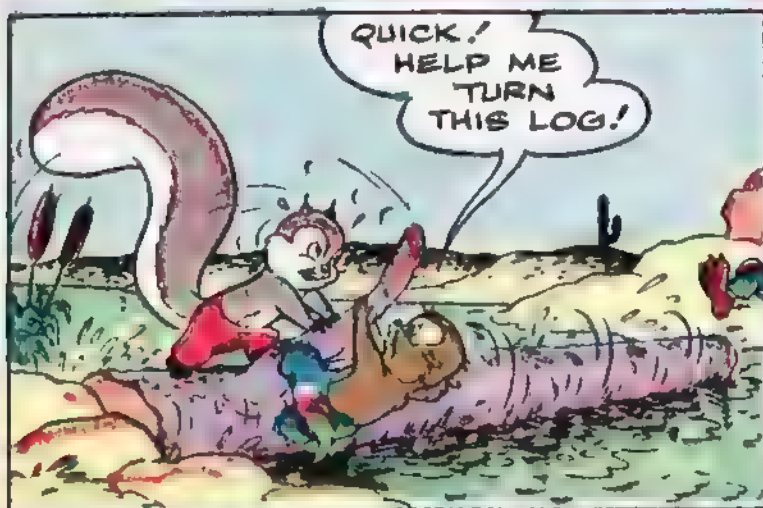
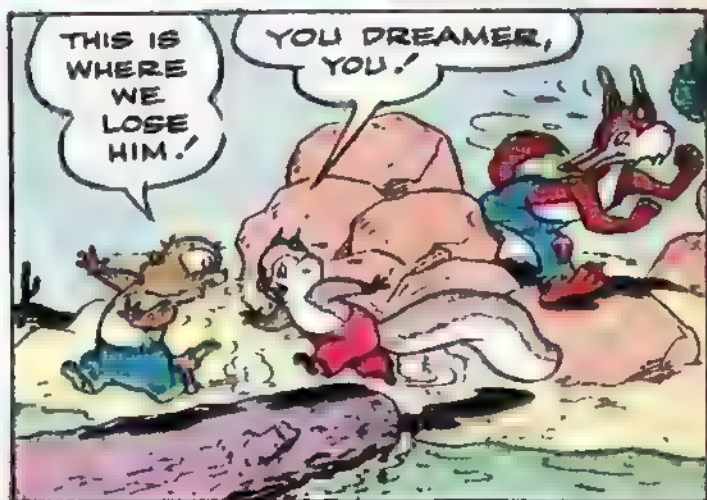
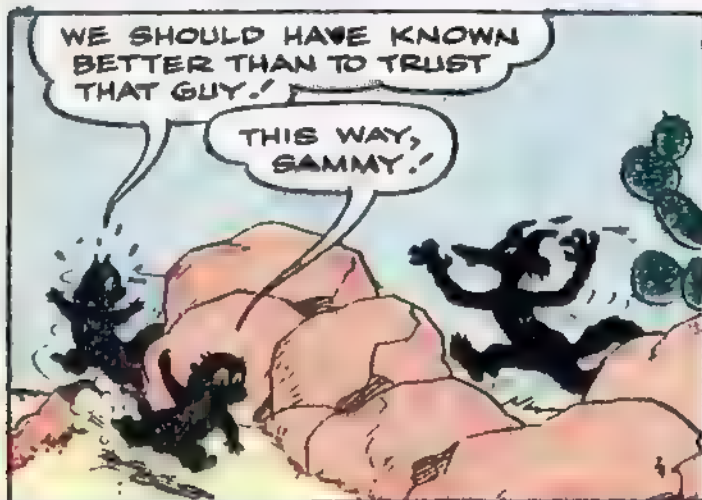
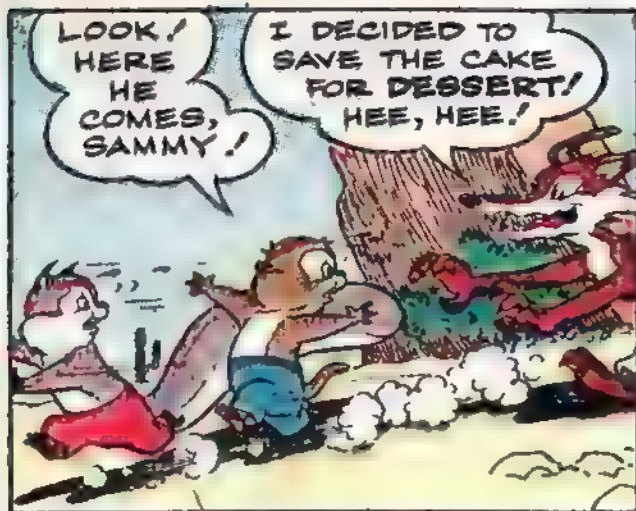
YEP! I'M LEAVIN' THE PRAIRIE FOR
GOOD! THIS HEAT IS TOO MUCH
FOR ME! FAREWELL!

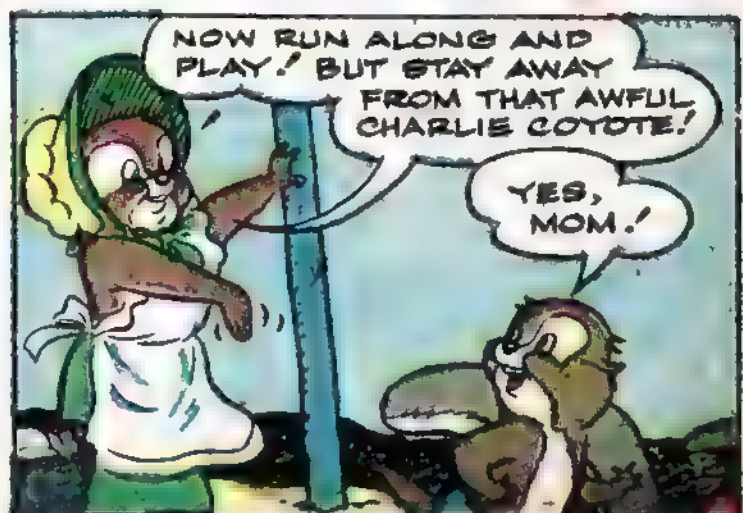
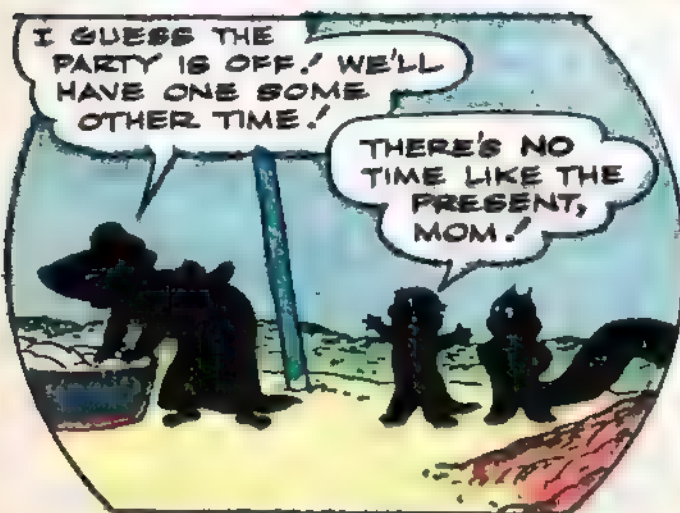
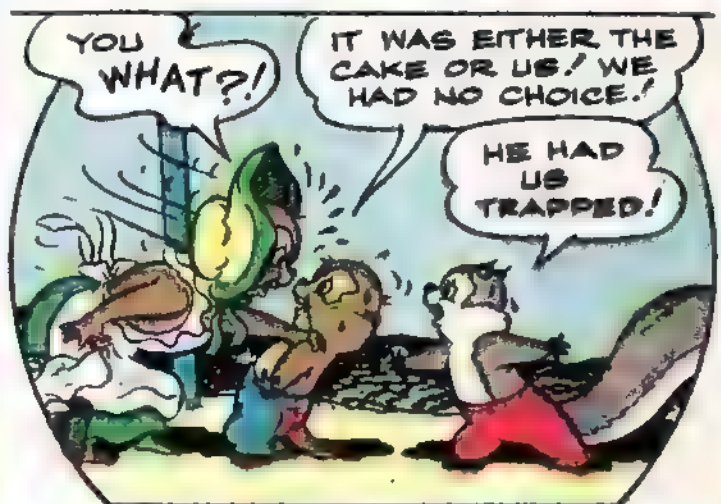
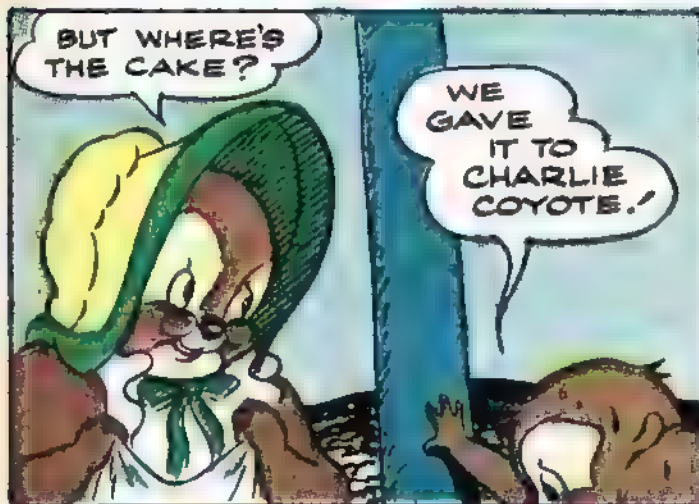
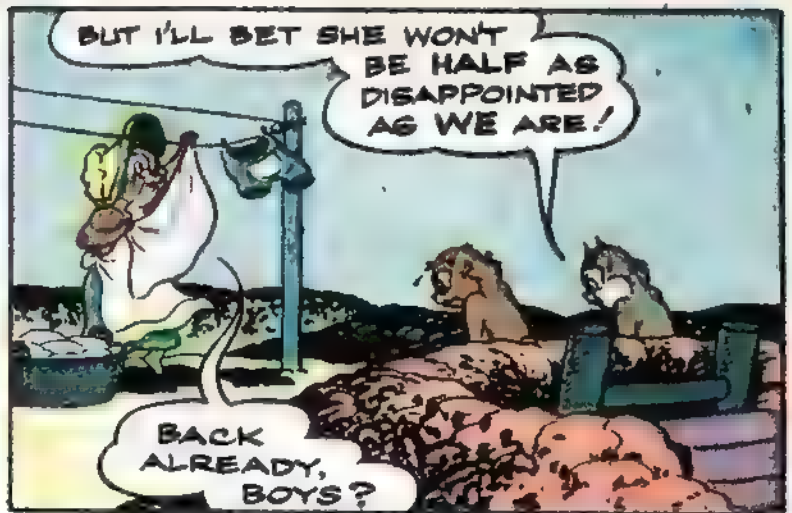
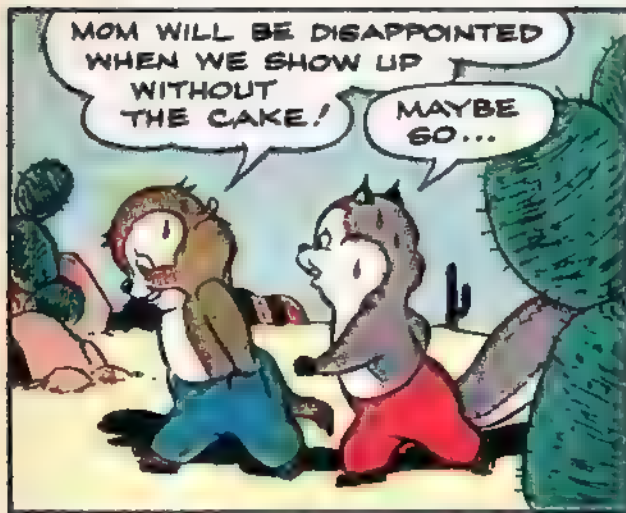
GOOD
RIDDANCE!

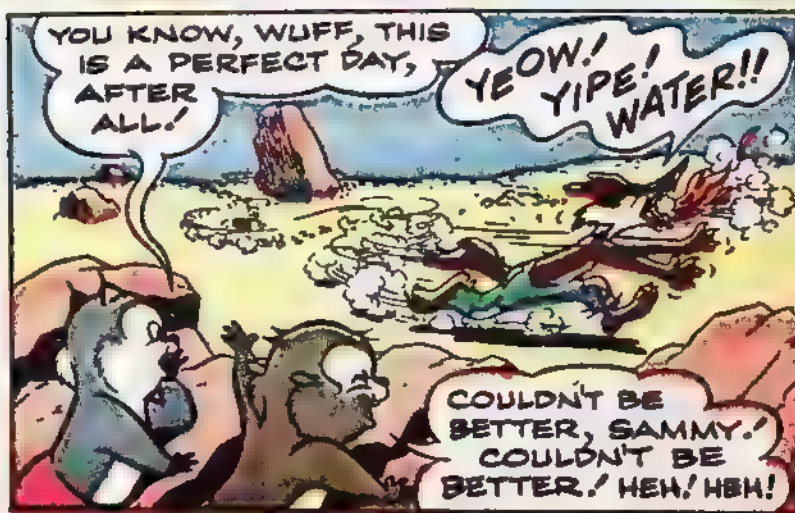
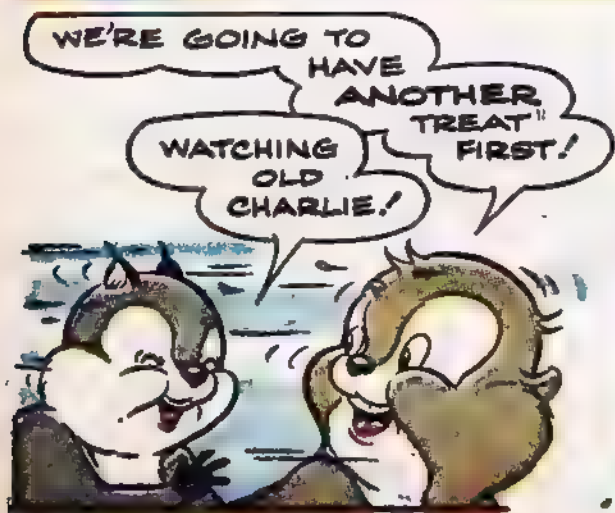
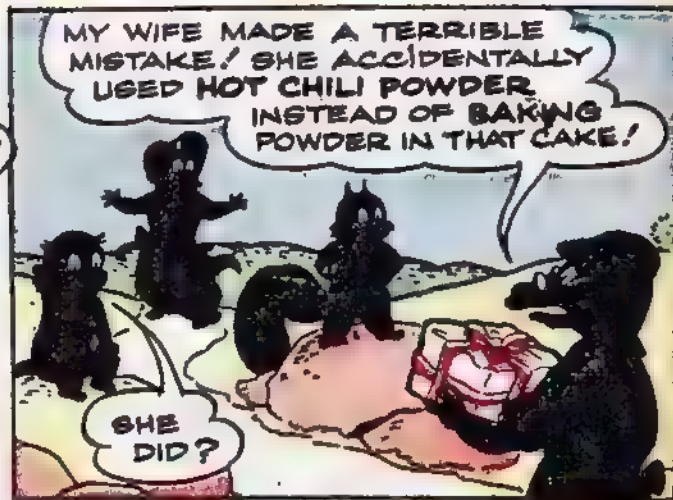
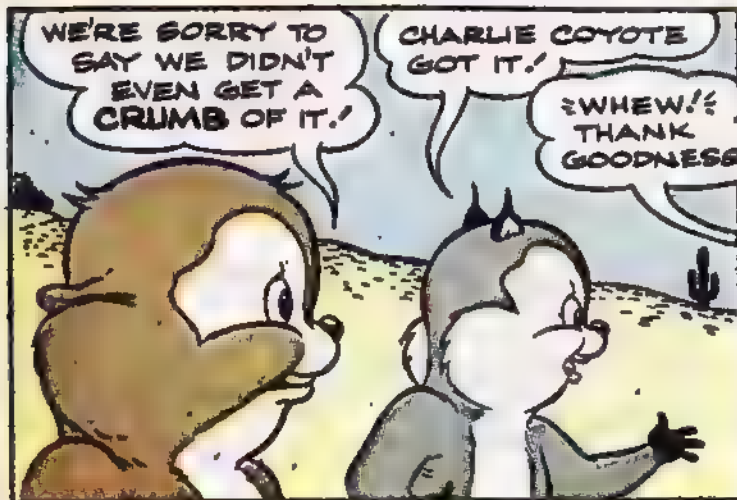
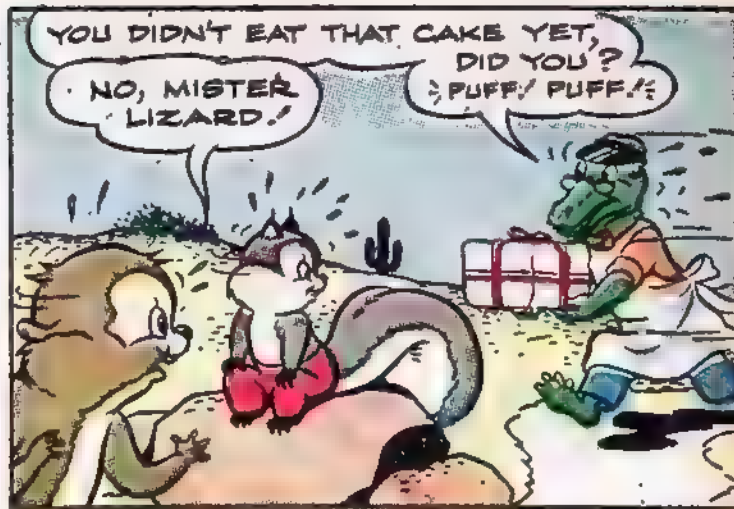
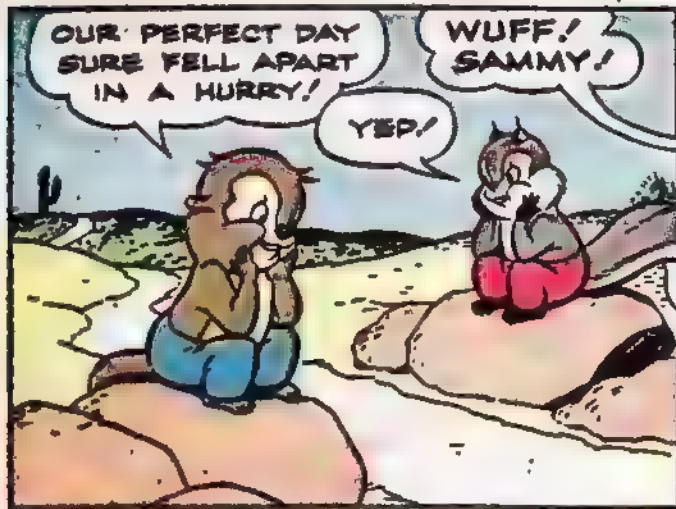
THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
CHARLIE LEAVING THE PRAIRIE
AND A CHOCOLATE
CAKE PARTY...
ALL ON THE
SAME DAY!











FLIP 'N' DIP

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GANGWAY!

?

WHOOPS!

MY SAKES!

JUST LEARNING TO
RIDE IT. I'M NOT
VERY GOOD YET.

SO I SEE! WHAT IS IT?

IT'S MY POP'S OLD
BIKE. HE USED TO
RIDE IT WHEN HE
TRAVELED WITH
THE CIRCUS.

BUT WHERE IS
THE REST OF IT?

BY GEORGE! A ONE
WHEELER! I HAVEN'T
SEEN ONE OF THOSE
THINGS IN YEARS.

CAN YOU RIDE ONE,
MR. SIMIAN?

OH BOY! HERE
WE GO!

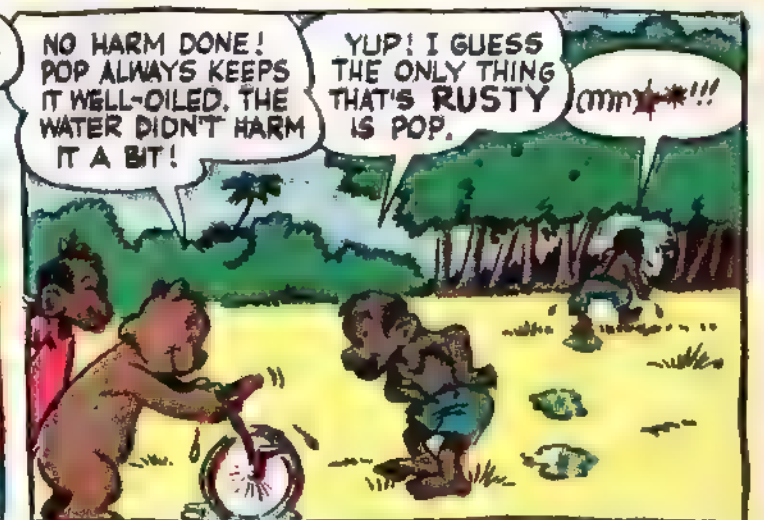
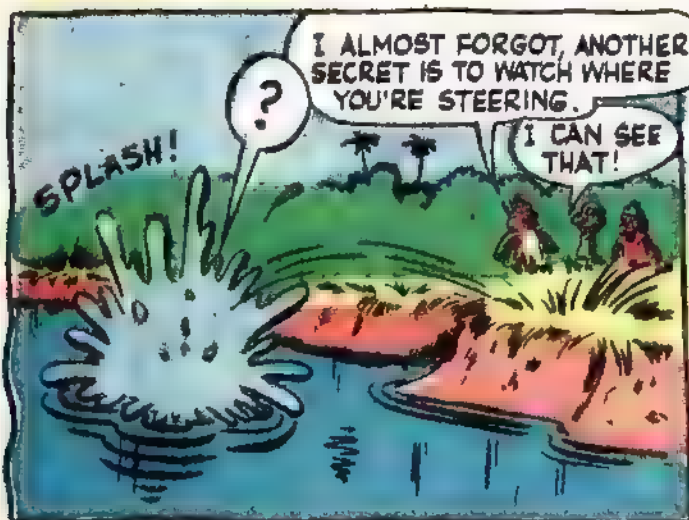
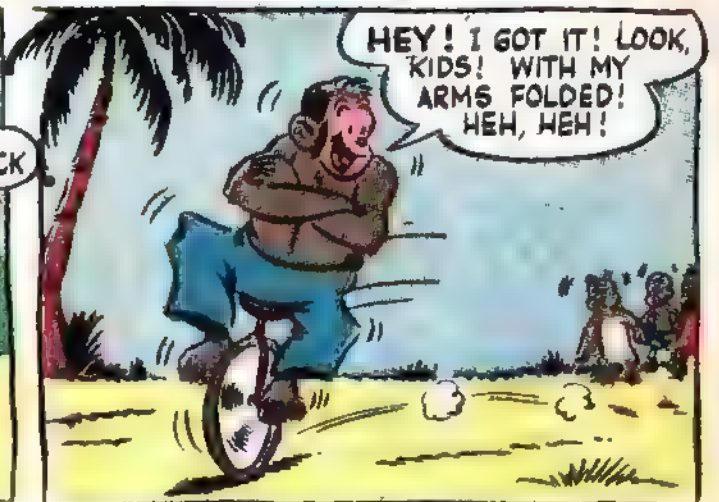
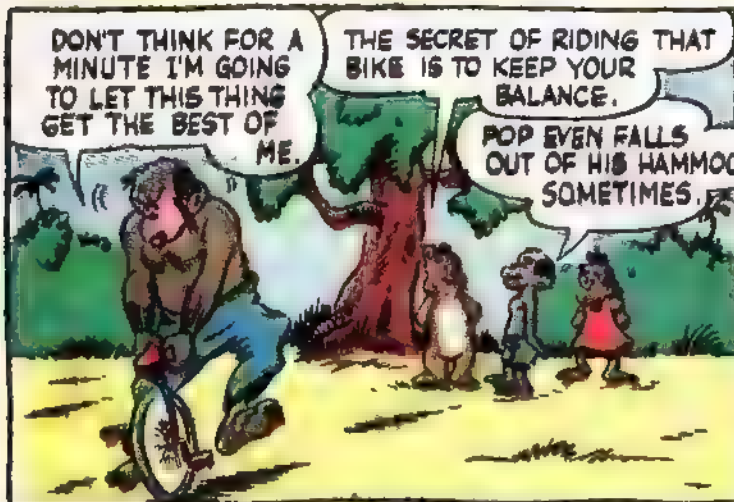
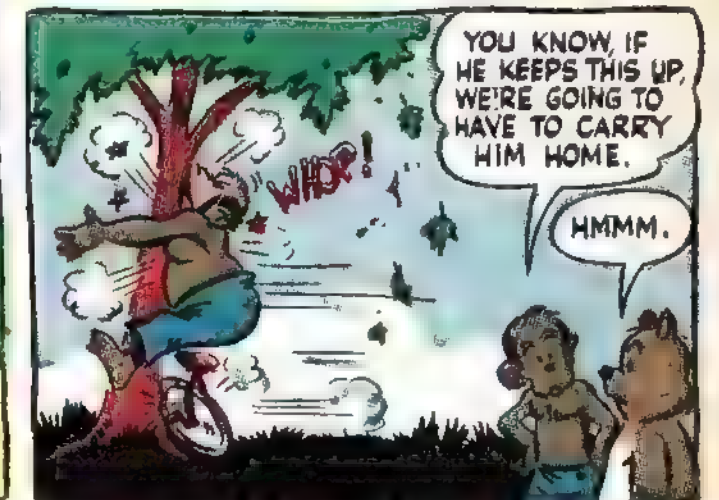
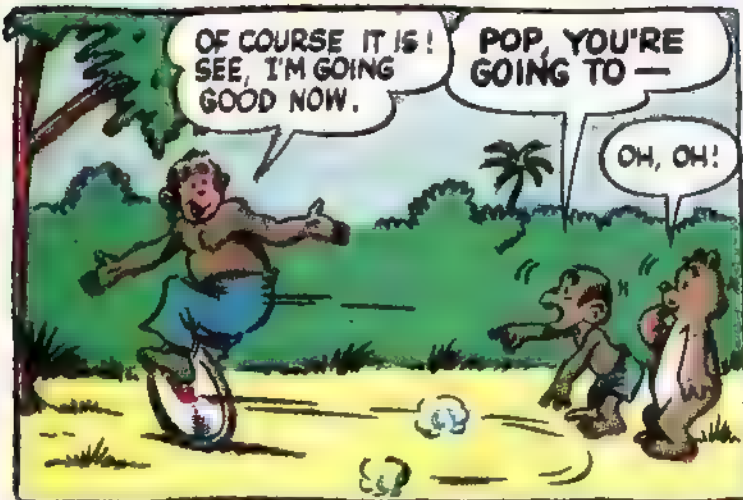
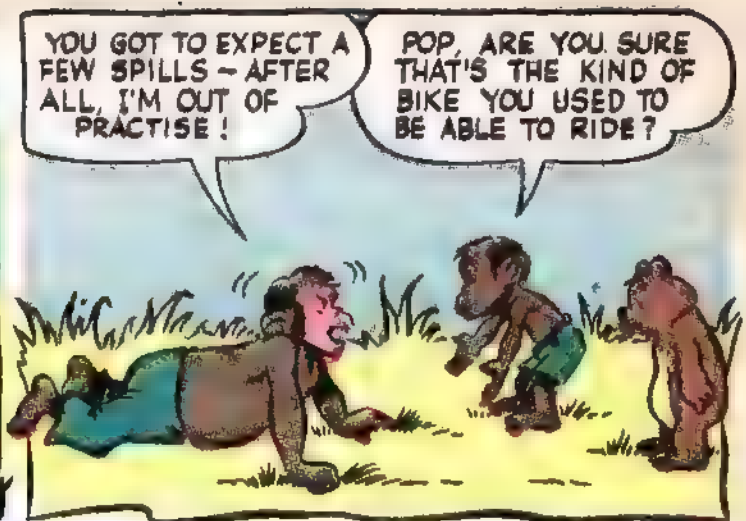
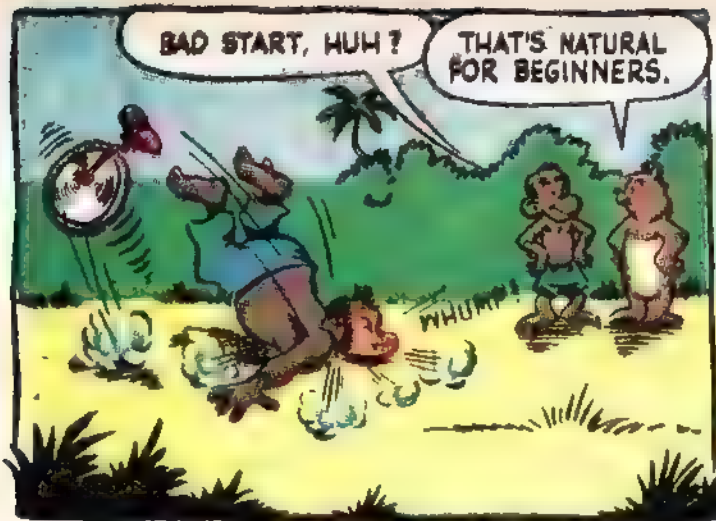
IT'S A CINCH!
WATCH THIS.

DIDN'T YOU KNOW
THAT POP IS CLEVER?

NOPE!

OF COURSE I MAY BE
A LITTLE RUSTY AT
FIRST — OOPS!

CLEAR THE
RUNWAY!



MGM CARTOONS
present

Barney Bear and Benny Burro

THANKS FOR THE
EGGS, BARNEY!

BENNY, IF I HAD
ALL THE HUMPTY-
DUMPTYS I'VE GIVEN
THAT MOOCHIN' MOOSE,
I COULD GO INTO THE
EGG BUSINESS!

THAT'S AN IDEA,
BARNEY! WHY
DON'TCHA GET
A FLOCK OF HENS
AND SELL THE
EGGS!

YOU MEAN THAT WHEN
MOOSEFACE COMES TO
BORROW, HE'LL HAVE
TO BUY?

BENNY, I'LL DO IT! AND
PUT A STOP TO HIS
CHISELIN'!

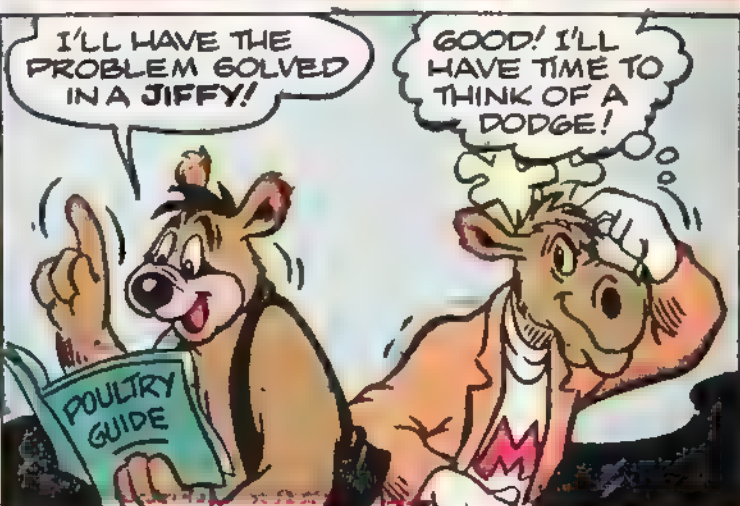
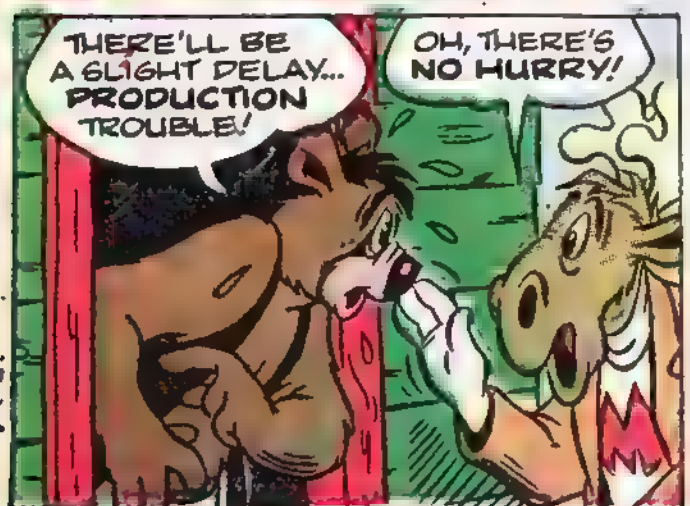
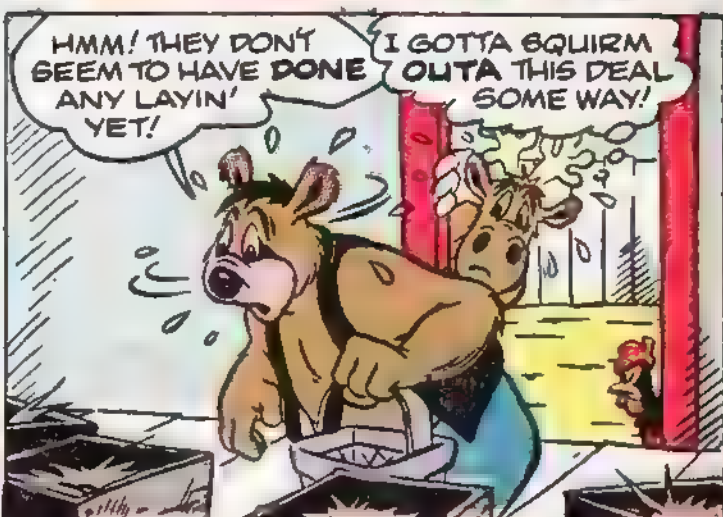
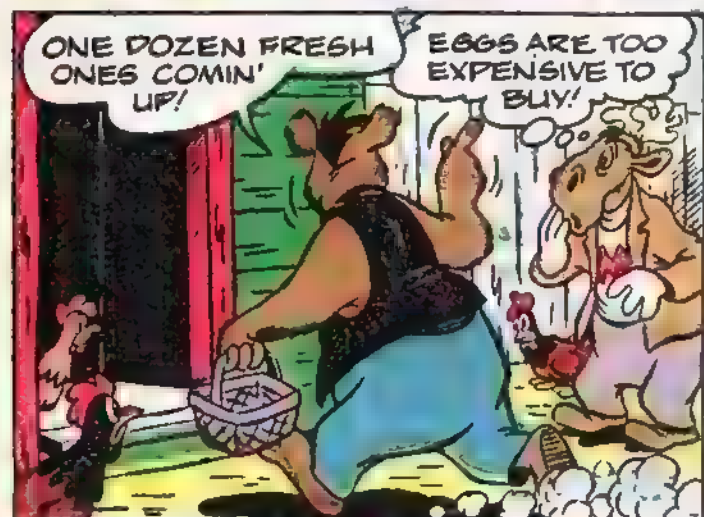
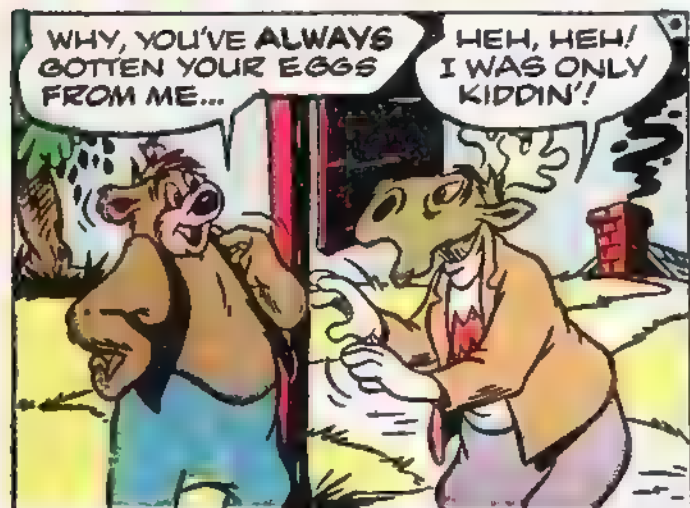
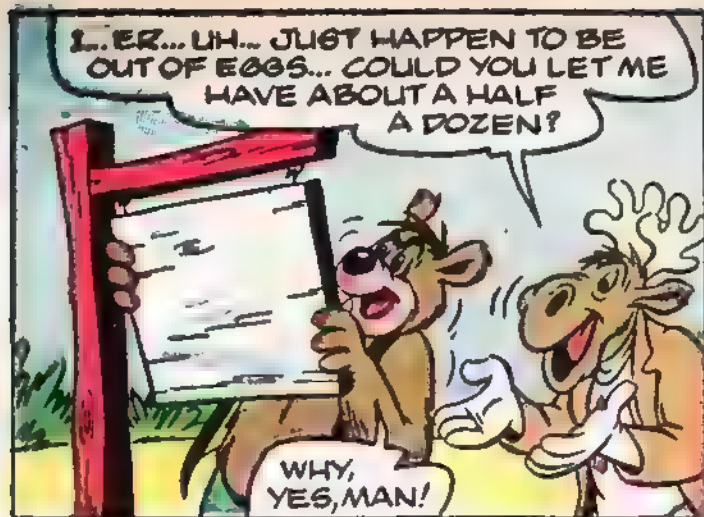
LATER...

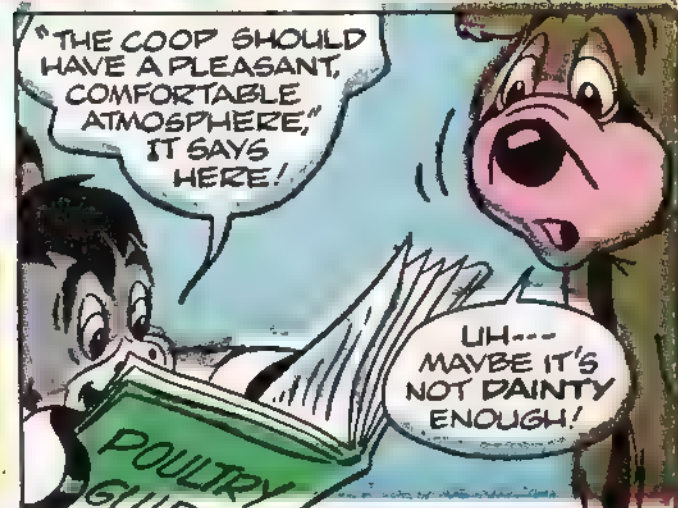
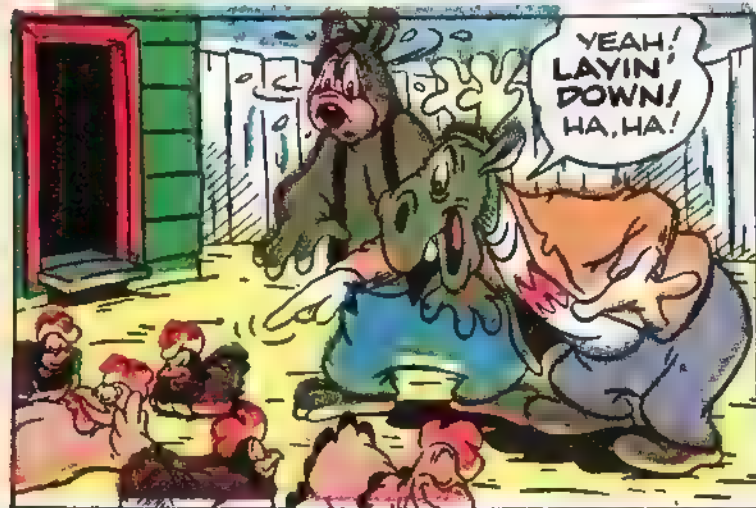
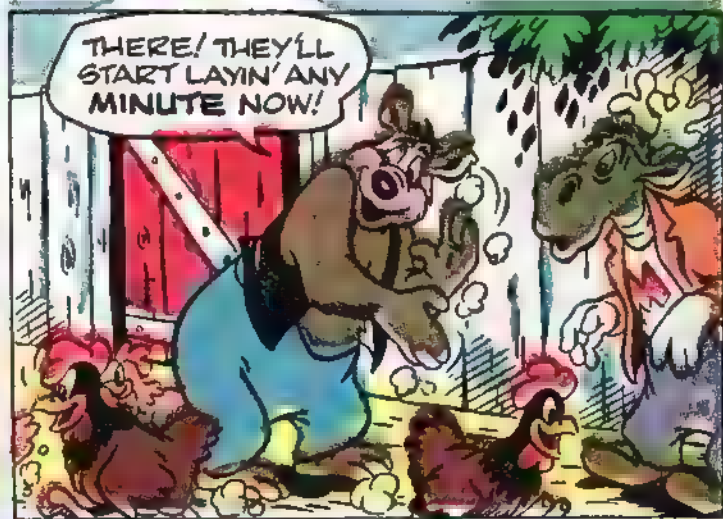
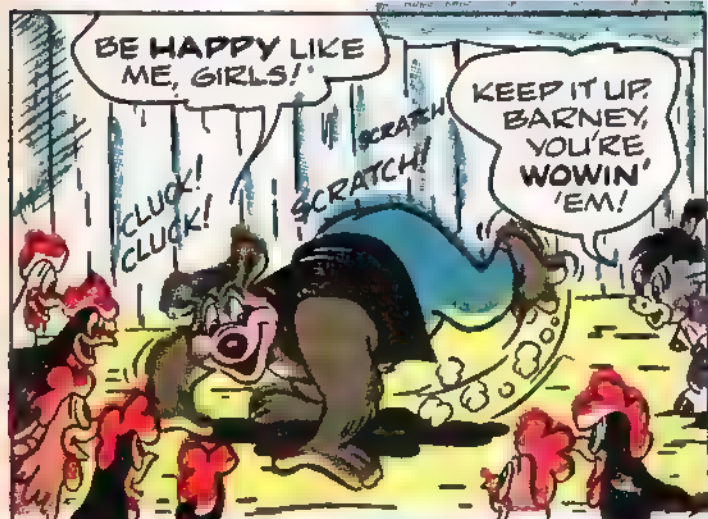
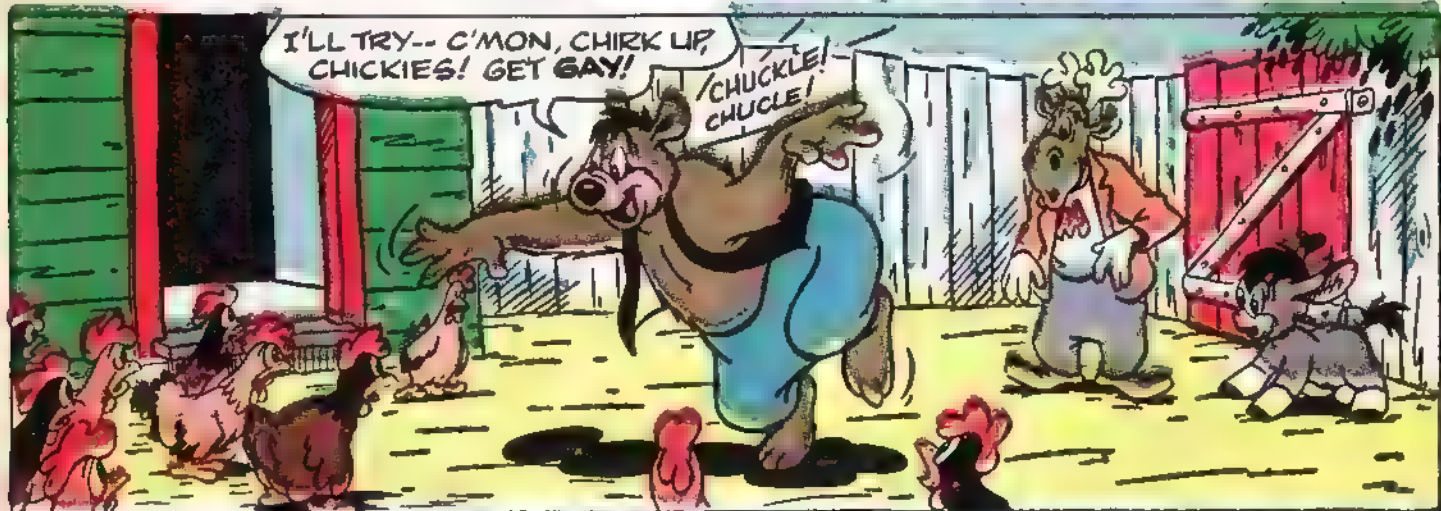
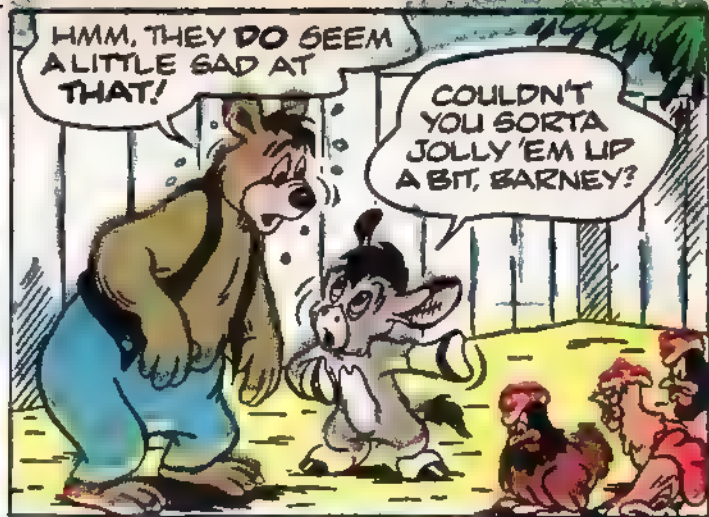
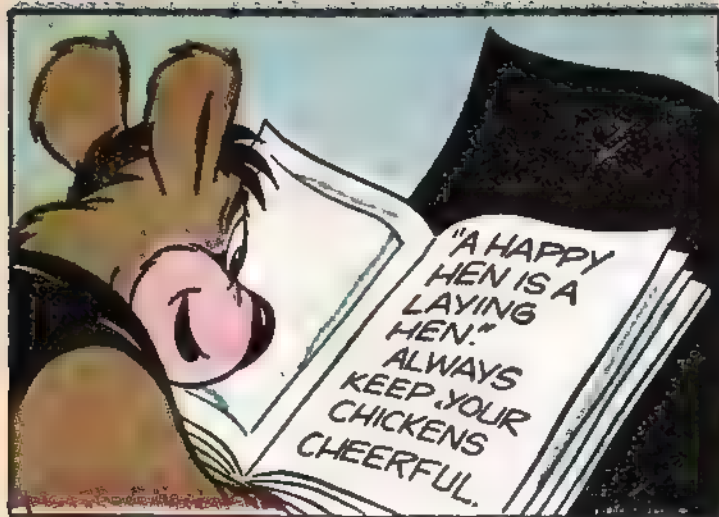
WELL, WE'VE GOT THE
HENS AND A BOOK
THAT TELLS HOW TO
MAKE 'EM LAY!

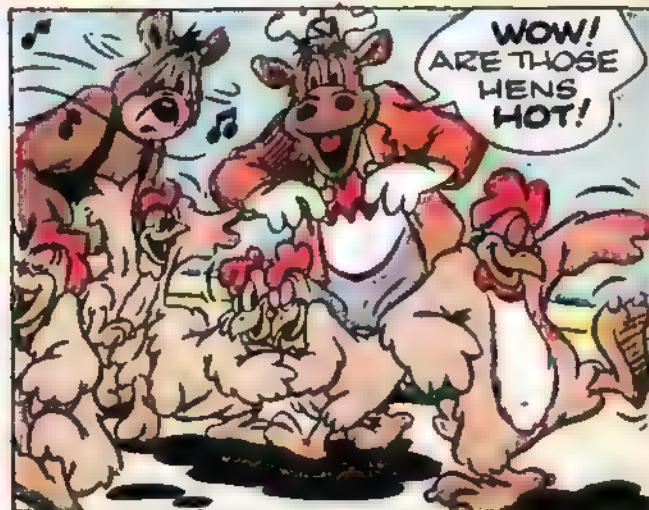
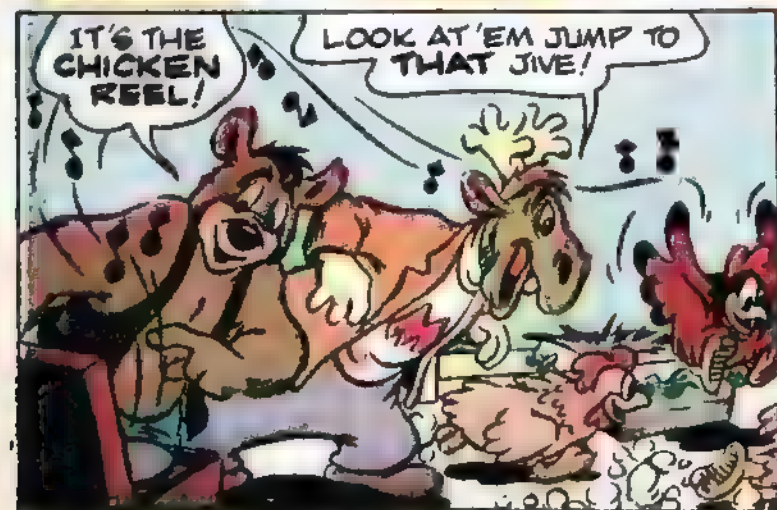
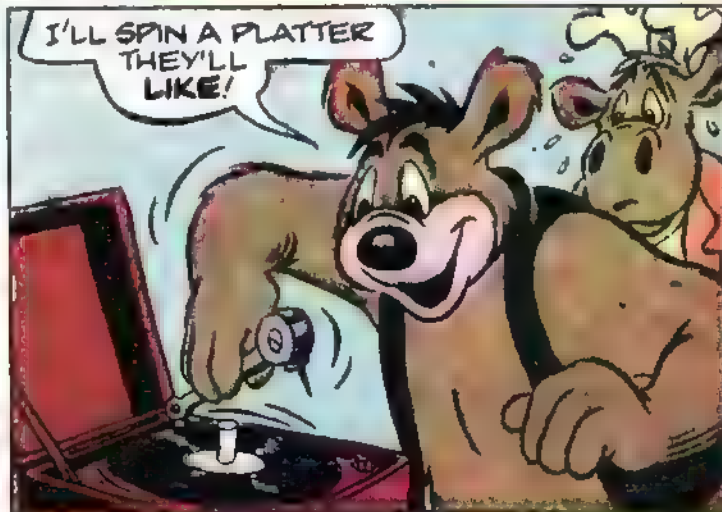
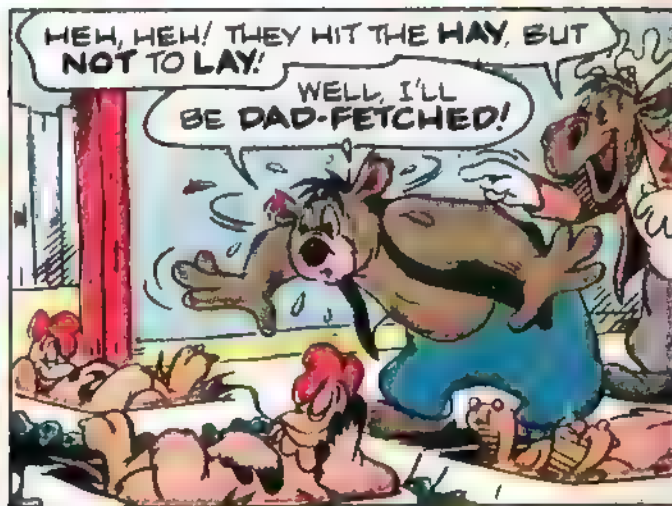
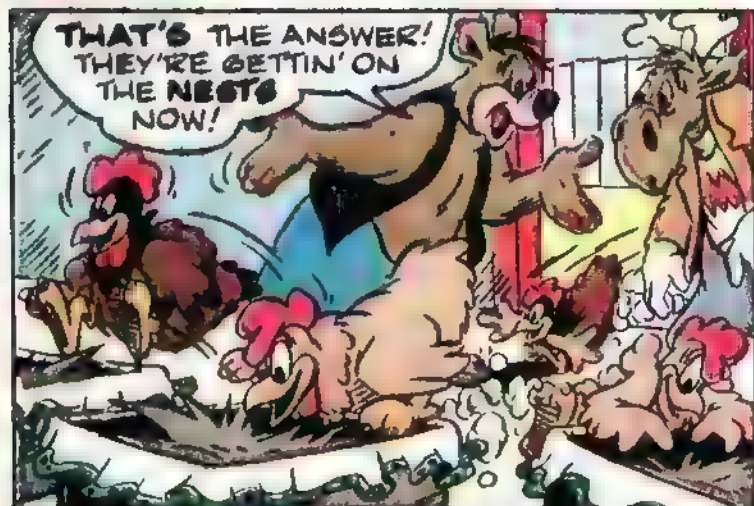
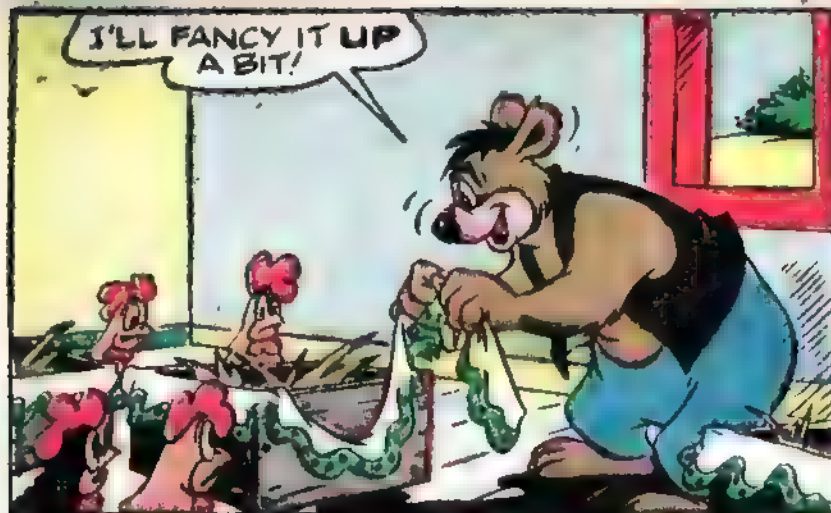
THEY DUGHT TO START
LAYIN' ANY TIME
NOW!

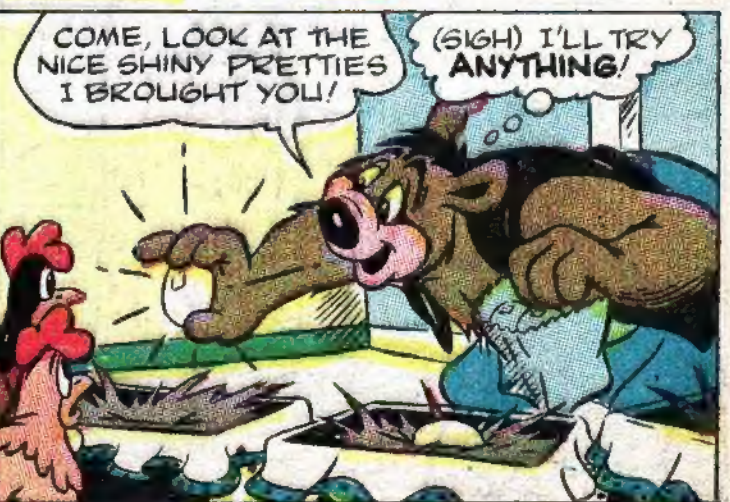
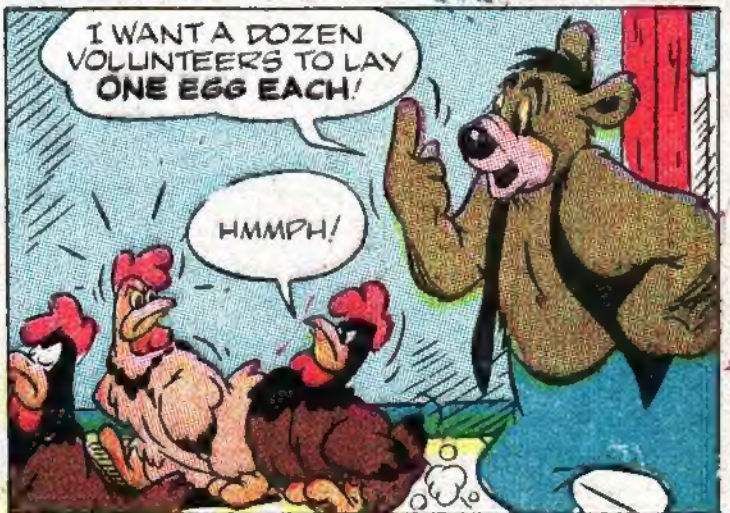
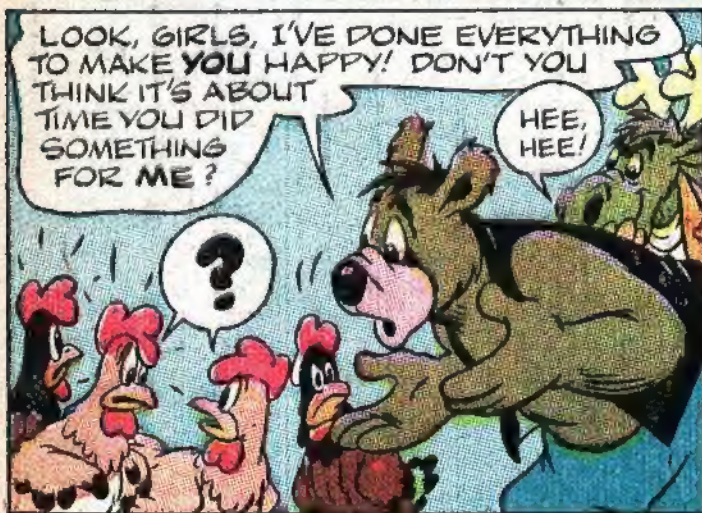
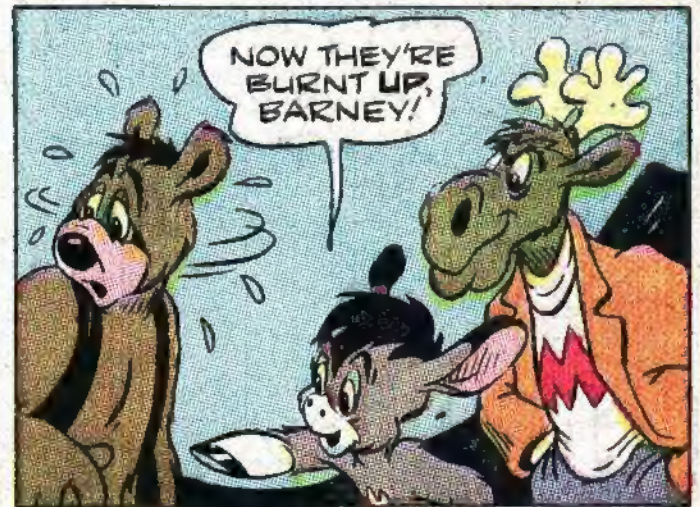
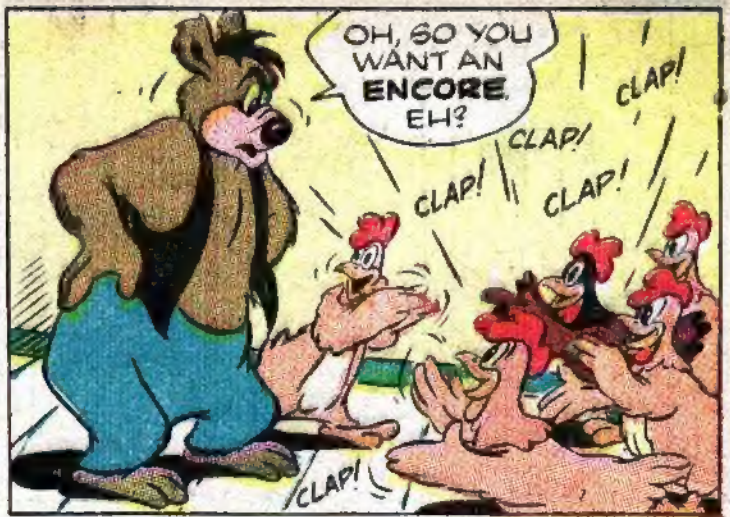
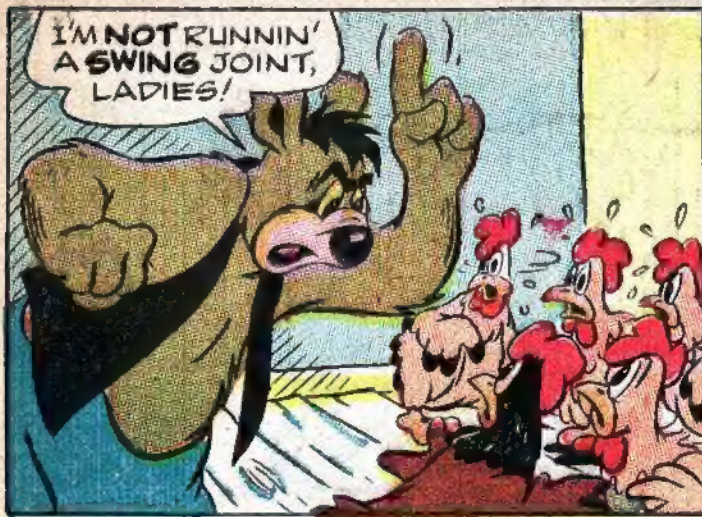
WELL, I'LL BE...
BARNEY'S BOUGHT
SOME HENS! NOW
I CAN BORROW
MORE EGGS
THAN EVER!

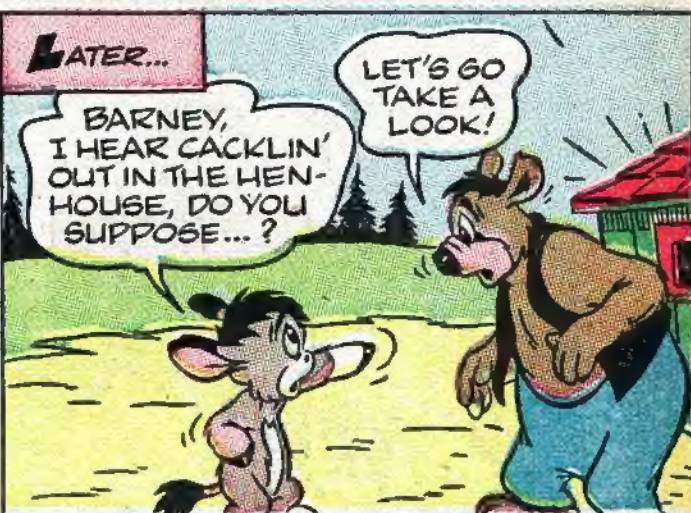
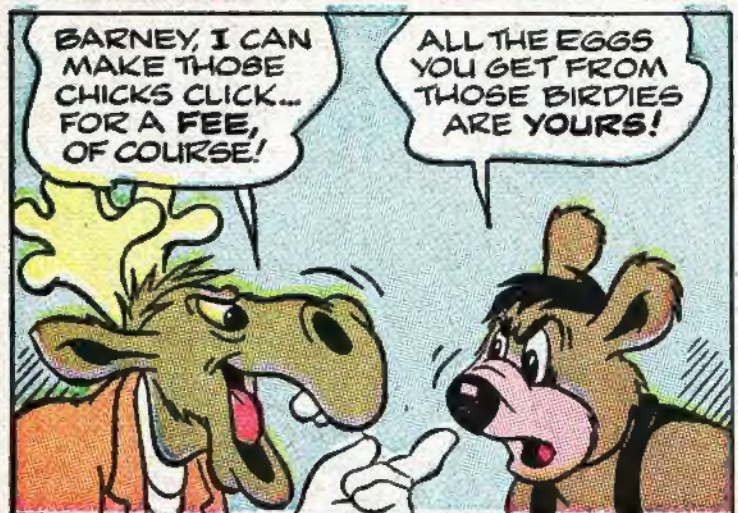
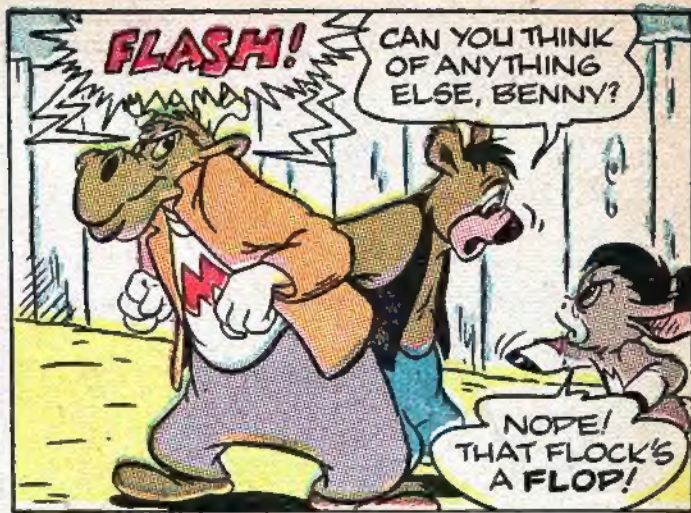
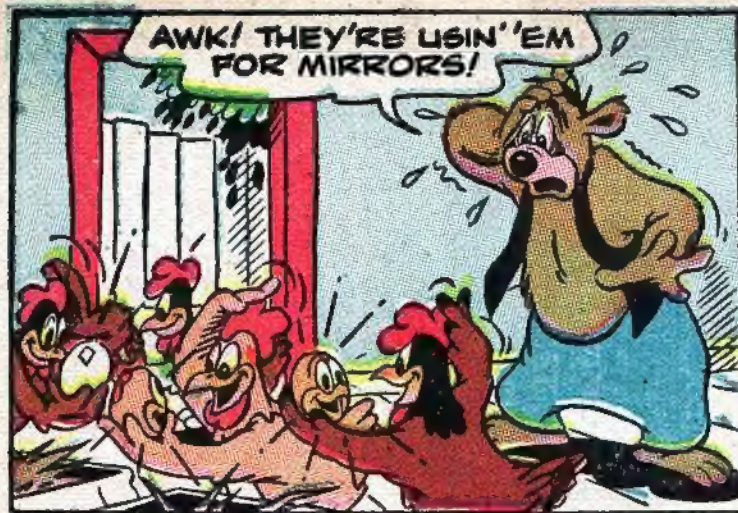
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR
NEW HOBBY, BARNEY!



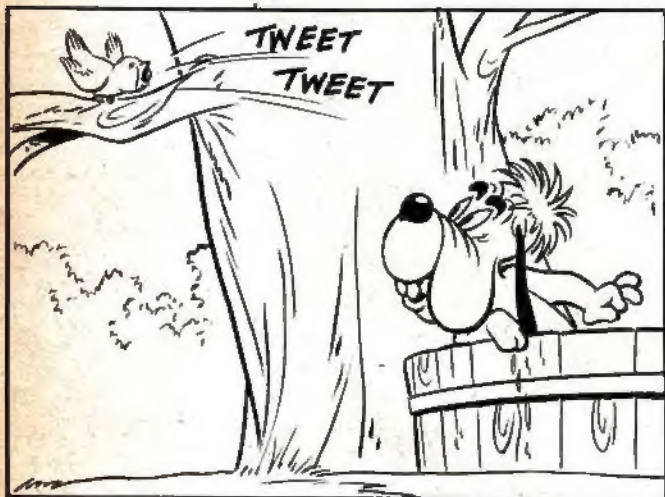








ROOBY



Ralph KINER

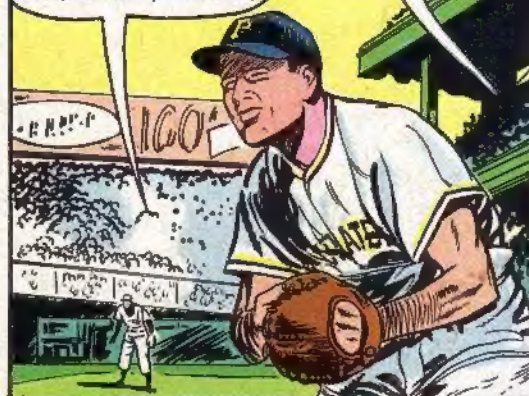
SPARKS TEAM IN CLUTCH!

THE PITTSBURG PIRATES ARE PLAYING A BIG GAME AWAY FROM HOME. SCORE TIED 2 TO 2 RIVAL TEAM AT BAT...

KINER PLAYS FIRST. HITLESS IN 3 TIMES AT BAT. HE TAKES RAZZING FROM RIVAL TEAM FANS...

CAN'T YOU SEE THE BALL, KINER?

YEA, OUR PITCHER'S GOT YOUR NUMBER!



IT'S A HIGH FOUL!

DON'T WORRY, KINER CAN'T GET IT!



I'LL SHOW 'EM I'VE GOT THAT SPARK!



I GOT IT!

FIRST OF NINTH. PIRATES HAVE 2 ON - 2 OUT!

COME ON, RALPH, IT'S NOW OR NEVER!



THERE'S THAT SPARK IN THE CLUTCH!

IT'S A HOME RUN! WE'RE AHEAD 5 TO 2!



CRACK!

GAME ENDS 5 TO 2. PIRATES WIN!

GEE, RALPH, I HOPE I CAN DO THAT SOMEDAY!

YOU WILL! TRAIN HARD...EAT WELL. TRY WHEATIES!



WHAT HAVE WHEATIES GOT?



A WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE. THERE'S ENERGY FOR YOU!

WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION SPARKS YOU! AND CHAMPIONS CHOOSE WHEATIES!

Breakfast of Champions!



"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills.